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Choice Poetry.

THE WAIL OF A SORROWING MOTHER.

[The poem annexed relates to a distressing event which is still fresh in the recollection of the public, as the production of an esther whose name is known.]

He was our only boy!
A gem within the casket at my heart,
Precious and precious as the gush of joy
That from its bosom start
How has the villain fled
Of my unspoken love been round him thrown,
Binding to pure affection every word
And route her lip hath known!

Day after day his foot,
Fleet with the lightness of unfettered youth,
Came to my sou, and to the tasteful bue
Its spice would from the touch.

But oh! he comes not now:
His joyous step and merry laughing cry,
And the pure radiance of his sunny brow
Were things of earth, to die.

Death, to the gentle child,
Came not with whispered accents, soft as bland
Sometimes with angel forms, whose forms mild
Above the death couch bend.

The living wrench of fame,
Toward by a nation for his con to wear,
Of shame to dust and poverty pound ascent
But sharpens my despair.

The glare of earthly pomp
Fades like a meteor in a star-lit sky;
And the loud peal of honor's clarion tramp,
In passing, mocks my cry.

The loftiest seat of earth
Shrinks as a shorewind swell before the dew
That dwelleth on the humblest hearth
With anguish deep and dire

Give me Thy help, oh God!
In this my hour of grief and trouble woe!
Teach me to bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
And not to murmur at the blow.

For the babe, whose heart
Is gashed and bleeding by the bitter stroke,
Help me to raise a hollow path, nor part
The try from the oak

I know my bright eyed boy
Is nestling at the lovely Saviour's breast;
Hear him join the swelling song of joy,
In that upper world of rest.

Then cease, my heart, thy wail,
Here let the mother from the storm of grief,
Let His unerring power prevail,
And prayer be my relief

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ERNEST BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FEMALE SPY," "HUNTER DE PORT," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOMETHING OF HARLEY, VIOLA, AND LANGFORD.

All the crowds I have described as taking shelter after the commencement of the Colonel Howard, had occupied but a very few minutes in reaching it; and as one scene of horror had been closely followed by another, succeeding the first, with fearful rapidity, the effect of the whole had been in some degree confused and bewildering, and to recall the former feelings, so blows repeated upon the body gradually beneath it and render it less sensitive to pain.

It is impossible for me to describe the strange and mingled emotions which I experienced as I stood and gazed around me. On the one hand I had cause for rejoicing—on the other for anger, sorrow, and anxiety. I had just been delivering the hard fate which consigned both Clara and myself to captivity, for many years from our friends, whom we could not reasonably hope to ever see again; and now we both stood liberated, unbound, and free, with our kind father and brother, and I had one beside me whom in a brief hour I would almost have sacrificed my right hand to behold:—but then again, I had also in a measure been liberated by my fellow-creatures—by a fiend; a demon—who had been cast upon my honor by one in whose eyes I had hoped at least to stand well. I had been bonded in a most manner, and my life actually attempted in a spirit of revenge: and to crown all, she who had been the most unmerited sacrifice of all at the peril of her own, had been shot down like a dog, and lay weltering in her gore at my very feet.

Yes, here lay poor Dandenah, and yonder Langford—both having died violent and bloody deaths within a few moments of each other—and both in my behalf. I had, in fact, shot myself and myself under deep obligations: to the one for having rescued me from a horrible death—to the other for having saved me from a worse thing: me from a scarce less horrible captivity. Now, I hoped, I had fully repaid my debt to him, by taking his life; but this I knew was owing to my Indian costume and savage appearance, and not to me my self; and he, in my supposition had to take my life from the latter being the case, he might be said to have lost his life from such a rash zeal in my cause—for had he not gone to the friends of Clara, as I supposed and urged the Indians to do, and returned to guide them hither, he might even now have been in the enjoyment of his peace, and health.

While reflections like these were passing through my mind, Harley took hold of my arm, and said:

"Come, my friend, let me conduct you to the other side of the room, for I see that you are in danger of being mistaken for an Indian by the different parties that will soon return from the bloody chase; and you have been through enough to have several times ravaged with your life already."

"My friend," returned I, grasping his hand "for you are my friend, and have proved it by adversity—God bless you!" and so overcome was I with various conflicting emotions, that I burst into tears and sobbed like a child.

"Clara—Harry! I could not fear friend—do not be cast down!" he said, his own voice thick and choked with emotion, and he is only aided to suppress me in his eyes.

"Let me weep!" I rejoined: "let me weep! It may appease sobbing, but it will relieve my aching heart!" and impulsively I threw my arms around his neck and sobbed upon his breast.

The floor of tears indeed poured a great relief to my overcharged soul: and in a short time I became quite calm, and accompanied Harley to the other end of the building.

On our way, we passed the corpse of Langford—who was lying where he had fallen—and also Colonel Moreland, Clara, and Walker, who were grouped together at no great distance, conversing earnestly in low tones. The eye of Clara, as I passed, rested upon me with nonverbal tenderness, and I could see that she had been weeping; but the faces of the Colonel and Walker were turned from me, and I was not certain, or not, I did not know. I waved my hand to Clara, and turning, he addressed me:

"It is hard to be suspected of wrong by those whom we most desire should esteem us well!"

"I understand to what you allude," returned my friend; "but you have an advocate in that fair girl that will set you right, beyond a doubt. She loves you, Harry—I can see that; and I am well pleased that your choice has fallen upon one so lovely, so sweet and amiable, and in every way calculated to render you happy."

"Ah!" Morton, for you know that she is betrothed to this villain Warncliff! and that her father is one not likely to let her forego the fulfilment of the pledge thus made, in favor of another to whom he has taken a dislike !"

"I have heard something of this; but do you know, in return, my dear Harry, that the plans of traitors are not always carried out? and that I, at least, have good reason for saying so?"

"My dear Morton," cried I, seizing his hand, "I crave a thousand pardons for having in my own selfish grief and vexatious forgotten to inquire after your dear partner, Viola! I trust she is well."

"May Heaven grant it be not otherwise!" replied my friend, solemnly: "I left her well—but that was some weeks since."

"And where did you leave her?"

"In Galveston."

"Indeed! alone with strangers?"

"No, her parents were with her."

"Ah! then she has seen her parents since her marriage and you have been to Mexico and returned?" said I, quickly.

"She has seen her parents since her marriage —but we have not been to Mexico," replied Harley. "Listen! and you shall hear how it happened. After parting from you at Galveston, we went to New Orleans, as you know, for the purpose of procuring further proofs to establish Viola's claim to the title to Moreland hearth With anguish deep and dire

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"And did he recover?" interrupted I.

"No," said Harley, sadly: "he lingered along for about six, and then paid the great debt of nature. Meantime, I had introduced Viola to all my friends, all of whom became fond of her history. On learning she was not the daughter of Mr. Ashurn, they gave her a cordial reception, and her sweet and amiable manners made her a favorite. My father blessed the hour she became my wife's daughter; and as she was open his affections, that toward her were not slow to follow. She was a child in his sight; and declared, with the peevishness of sickness, that no one could wait upon him so well as she."

"But her parents?" again interrupted I.

"Can be spoken of in a few words," said Harley. "Soon after we left Galveston, I received a little patience. Well, when I found my stay in Macon was likely to be prolonged to an indefinite period of time, I wrote a letter to Mr. Gomez Alverda, enclosing one from Viola, and giving him a full statement of facts. By the dying St. Ashurn, together with several other documents, which I had in my power, and asking some business at New Orleans, he and his lady should set out immediately for that city, and there to meet us there.

"To cut my story short, we did meet there: but you must imagine the lavish emotions produced by that meeting, of which words are inadequate to convey any thing more than a cold idea. Such embracing—such shedding of tears—such transports of joy you never saw: and my only regret was, that you, my dear friend, were not present to share it."

"Thank you!" said I: and the words came from my heart.

"I was delighted with my new parents. Don Alverda is a fine, noble-looking man, and a true Spanish gentleman. Doña Alverda is one of the most lovely, sweet-tempered, estimable lady, of her years, I ever knew; and better still, she is one there is a married resemblance between her and Viola—so much so, that it is almost a wonder she is not her mother."

"The parents of Viola insisting that we should return with them to Galveston, and there to be set out on our journey, going by the way of Galveston, in the hope of finding and prevailing on you to accompany us, we did so, and found you there for a long time, and wondered at your silence; and then, at last, at your sudden declaration, begging you to inform me of your whereabouts. Of course I got no answer, and when I received Colonel Howard's letter, I, in company with Viola and her parents at the head, took a steamer for Houston.

"Here we found Colonel Howard in a state of great excitement. They had just received a mysterious note, in which the writer stated that their daughter, and a young man in her company, together with himself, had been captured by the Indians, from whom he had recently made his escape: that he had reason to think the girl was still alive—a prisoner—though the young man supposed had been put to death: and he concluded by saying that in exactly four days from the date of his letter he should personally appear, and that if a large party, well armed and mounted, were in readiness to go in search of the girl, he would consent to act as guide.

"As I said, I found the family in great agitation on account of this mysterious note, which bore date without signature, and had been presented at a house through the city post-office, indicating that the writer had placed it there with his own hand. It was the first news, direct or indirect, which they had received of Clara, and had already mounted at last to them through the medium of a note in a state of the most intense excitement, not knowing whether to credit the statement of the writer or not.

"Why, when he was so near, had he not appeared to give his account orally, instead of adopting a mode of communication so likely to be misunderstood and disregarded? But then again, would say one who listened it as a piece of deception, he likely to adopt so fiend as he seemed to be."

"That was the matter argued pro and con but hope, which is ever ready to take root in uncertainty, sprung up in the minds of all: and it was finally resolved that a party should be in readiness to set out with the Unknown, in the event of his making his appearance at the time specified.

"To this measure I lent my counsel, and determined to be one of the party: for though the unknown were intimated the probability of your having been put to death, yet the whole rested on uncertainty; and something whispered to me that you might still be living; and my duty both urged me to go in search of a friend who had done so much for me.

"I accordingly returned to Galveston, and communicated the whole affair to Viola and her parents, at the same time stating my intention of going in quest of you. Viola shed many tears, both at the thought of your bad fate, and the idea of parting with me for so long a period; but, like the noble woman she is, she said it was certainly my duty to go—that you had saved her life at the peril of your own, and that I owed this effort on your behalf to such a fiendish friendship of the past."

"God bless her!" said I, fervently; "she is indeed a noble woman, and an ornament to her sex."

"Tears filled the eyes of my friend: but hastily brushing them away, as if ashamed of such weakness, he resumed:

"I now found that our parting must indeed be for a considerable period; for my father-in-law and that business of importance would require his immediate return to the city of Mexico: besides which, each day's delay would probably render the journey more difficult, owing to the unsettled state of the country, which is on the very eve of open hostilities with the United States."

"Ha!" said I, "then the war fever has not died away?"

"So far from it," replied Harley, "that each succeeding sentiment is of a more warlike character; and General Taylor, when last heard from, was on the point of removing his army and head-quarters to the Rio Grande, where it is expected the Mexicans will give him battle. In fact, the country cannot now have long remained silent, for anything I know to the contrary. But to return in my story, which I must make as brief as possible: for I perceive that the different parties, who have been in chase of the fugitives, will soon be returning, and then your powder, and ball, and rifle, will be required."

"Well, I took leave of Viola and her parents—and a hard parting it was—and returned to Houston. When I got back to Colonel Howard's, I was informed that one Warncliff —who, to my surprise, I learned was an accepted suitor of Clara's—was to have the honor of rescuing his affianced bride, had volunteered to raise a party to go in quest of her, and was absent for that purpose: the Colonel urging as a reason for his going away from home, that the claim of the town in that vicinity, who might have been enlisted in such an expedition at any time previous to the present, had gone off to Taylor as volunteers in the approaching struggle, and that Warncliff had friends away on whom he could depend."

"On the day appointed by the Unknown, Warncliff appeared at an early hour in the morning, at the head of some thirty rude and looking fellows, all well mounted and armed to the teeth, and ready to bear him on a bold, hazardous, and, indeed, big-boned personage was seen approaching the mansion. On coming up to where I was standing, he suddenly said, in a sepulchral tone:

"'Well, I see you are ready—so am I.'

"That personage was the one who is now lying there, and whom you, if I remember rightly, have seen before."

"Well, after some very close questioning on my part, I was decided that we should comply with this mysterious being—though I had my misgivings about him, and so had I think all others had also. However, as events have turned out, it is certain he was no imposter; though in his singular and mysterious manner of acting for three weeks, in as unknown country, not knowing at what moment we might be thrown into the hands of an overwhelming body of savages, has been no very pleasant task on my part, whatever it may have been to him. There's no concealment, while he went forward on foot to reconnoiter. About midnight last night he returned, and reported that he had approached the village of the Wepeecolahs; that the chief and most of his warriors were away on some distant hunting excursion; that the village was weakly guarded, and would be found in the lodge of the chief, but that the prisoners had not been put to death.

"After a brief consultation, it was decided that we should leave our horses where they were, and set off on foot. We did so—the distance being about six miles, I should judge—and more—run know the rest—at least enough for my story.

"I do," said I. "Such hellish winds-tiveness as has been here displayed, is more worthy of an savage than one of white blood, who has been only to recall some bloody encroachment of their people and their wrongs, to justify them against any thing like compassion."

"I will not here take bloody retribution on the aggressors into my own hands, Morton," said I: "but not deliberately murder defenseless women and children—"

"Ay, it is easy for us to say this, who have been brought up in a country so remote from border warfare; but when we consider that you wrongs the Indian has suffered than of his aggressions, and that the girls who have been murdered in cold blood, and scalping-knife are yearly made red with the blood of some of our dearest friends, and the children tomahawked, it is far pardonable, and we might soon become as callous to pity as any savage, were we to live in the red-man country, and root and branch. Do not understand me, my dear Harry, as seeking to defend this accursed slaughter of defenseless women and children; but rather as showing the causes which lead to an approval of bloody deeds. But enough of this, which, in the present party would be cruel under my circumstances; and if these are the friends of Viola, as the Colonel intimated, it is my private opinion he keeps the very worst company in the whole of the Lone Star republic, too," added Harley, in a low tone.

"Ha! what?" inquired I, eagerly.

"Hush! the sentries are the Indians!"

"Mr. Walker," said Colonel Moreland, advancing to him, and speaking in a cold, stiff, formal manner, "I have been holding some conversation with my daughter, and, in consequence, I am led to believe that I wronged you and her in betraying the trust I reposed in you, and therefore do now tender you my thanks, and offer you a further apology for my rudeness."

"While I gladly accept," returned I, "and sincerely congratulate you on having stood condemned in your censure."

"I would my further," returned the Colonel, in a tone that was intensely chilled all the warmth of feeling on my part, which the present of re-conciliation had at first produced. "I would my further. Mr. Walker, that your negro Tom (I started at the mention of the name, and a thrill of indignation ran through me) has been neglected all this while to inquire after the poor fellow, whom I am informed is wounded, and going during the discussion.

Warncliff turned directly toward her; and there was a something so wicked in the expression of his features, that I involuntarily shuddered, and Clara shrank back as if alarmed. Nothing further passed between them, however —for the Colonel interposed, addressing his daughter sternly:

"Silence! girl," he said, "and retire!" and as Clara, obedient, moved away, he turned to Warncliff. "And as for you, sir," he continued, "being the commander of this party, you will please to have your own way for the present; but I am one not likely to forget in what manner I have been treated by one I have bestowed the honor of my name."

"And would you insinuate—" began Warncliff.

"No!" interrupted the Colonel—"I would insinuate nothing—for what I believe, I make a point to speak boldly. But let the matter drop for the present—I am in no humor for a wrangle, sir," he added, in a low tone, "which will be chiefly the memory of your father, who being a friend, I could have no wish to answer me now!" and turning on his heel he strode away.

At this moment several of Warncliff's men, having heard high words between their leader and the noble Unknown, and others, began to enter the building, headed by the noble Tom. They were certainly a most fiend-looking set; and their garments and persons bore tokens of the recent affray—the former being covered with blood, and both more or less bloody.

"Come, my fine fellow, Cupid!" said Tom, looking from one to the other, and addressing Warncliff.

"Is this your gentleman," answered the latter, with a sneer, emphasizing the italicized word, "our motions to pay our respects to the cousin of this noble gentleman to the league of poor Dandenah: than to those who have freely shed their blood in their cause, for which they will to give her Clarence hold."

Tom ripped out an oath, exclaiming:

"And you going to set 'em, Cap'en?"

"No, not if my men stand by me."

"Then I'm one that won't," said Tom, savagely. "You're not agoing to do it," he continued, scowling at us. "Pitch her up, here, and we'll take her and make her father inside; and then we'll fire this—— old shanty, and that'll end the matter."

It would have been needless for us to resist a fate less than certain, and we knew it there. We were evidently reinstated in the confidence of the guided the bobbling, the Colonel and his daughter, and immediately following.

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The sun was now above the hills—but it here shone upon a scene of human butchery and desolation, at which the heart not steeled to pity must bleed.

"This, I trust, will prove the crowning set of the bloody business," said Harley to me, and he pointed to several of the cabins, from which smoke now began to issue simultaneously, and the inmates of the incendiaries were seen running to and fro, carrying burning brands, and appropriating articles as they thought might be of use to them.

Colonel Moreland now withdrew from the company with his daughter, and Walker, and I followed. In a few minutes we were joined by Warncliff and his men—the latter, most of them, loaded with articles of plunder, a portion of which were sacks of skins filled with corn.

"Come," said Warncliff, in a surly tone, "we have no more time to spend in sentimental delay;" and he set off down the valley, we all following in an irregular manner.

Soon we came to a bend in the hills, on turning which the village of the Wepeecolahs would be hid from our view. Here we all halted to look back upon it, and the scene presented was sad. The village was one height short of this, and we could distinctly hear the cries of the fugitives as they raged with fury above the consolation reels of the different huts. Consternation seized upon all but the Colonel, who at this moment was smoking formally, the last smoke generated by the fire from setting the same headway which it had acquired over its smaller and more combustible neighbors. But the fire, which had been kindled with fiendish cruelty, ceased not, and presently it stood a shell. Then the roof fell in with a crash, and a thousand red cinders shot up into the bright morning sky, while the smoke rolled in dense folds and clouds, and hid from our view the scene of desolation.

I involuntarily sighed as I thought of the fate of poor Dandenah: but I had little else to regret. Her murder and the burning of the village aside from trauma and the daughter of Kenneth Ashurn, I had no cause for sorrow. I had fallen far from beyond the wish that a wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of life, particularly of women and children, had not been made; but for Kenneth and his kindness wantonness, I felt that I could not be sorry for the slaughter of the savages, inhumane and, and a mingling of the holy land, that "He who sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind." Nor could I gainsay that in the slaughter of the innocent—of any who had fallen might be termed—they had justly fed the avenging hand of Him whose finger had written upon tablets of stone, thousands of years before, that "The iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation"—a doom that even those who profanely deny it the great attribute of justice, cannot deny has been fulfilled.

With these reflections I turned away, to behold the home of the Wepeecolahs no more.

A walk of some three hours here brought us to the borders of the prairie, which were found in the thickest where they had remained through the night. We now made a frugal repast on rather coarse fare, but which to me was rendered palatable by reason of hunger. Harley now furnished me with a new over-coat, and the exact of a cap I tied a handkerchief over my shaved crown. This, while it rendered me more comfortable, and gave me something more of a civilized look, added so much of the Indiarness to my appearance, that all who beheld me were excited to laughter. This did not annoy me, however; but the dirty paint on my face did; and I took an early opportunity of removing the greater portion of it in neighboring stream.

There was no want of horses; for, as I said before, several of Warncliff's men had been killed in the affray, and their steeds, with several of their rifles, were assigned to Clara and myself; and the others were loaded with sacks of corn and other plunder, which had been brought from the village. Toward noon we came upon a small party of young Indians, who were sent forward to reconnoiter, and who returned with the information that the village was deserted, and that the inhabitants had fled in the direction of the Colorado. This was the direction we were going, and we knew it there.

Here, then, was an opportunity of falling in with her except in the presence of her father: which, under the circumstances, I did not care to embrace. As to Warncliff, I held him in supreme contempt, and I knew that he or that would have been done long ago."

I was far from being satisfied with Harley's reasoning and advice: and took the first opportunity of laying my suspicions before Walker, who, having been my second, was consulted by Warncliff. I thought would probably know what they had any good foundation or not.

He second coincided with my own duty decisions, as one after another I brought them before him: and I was convinced that my suspicions were just—but agreed with the advice of Harley, that it were best I should say nothing to him about them, for no other reason than that I should not have the satisfaction of making him confess himself a villain.

"We will keep our own counsel for the present," he said, and take it for granted that we are not to be left behind. I am willing to be in readiness to act—at least so far as we can act in the matter, with but a half thorough knowledge of the country, and a small force, and to our power of intimidating the others. In the meantime, be cautious, I will seize the first favorable opportunity, and talk the matter over with my father."

"But why not with me?" I inquired, angrily.

"Because my father, according to your showing, can be in no very great danger as yet; and I fear that, in the heat of passion, he might do that which would be most imprudent. To-morrow, I will converse with him, and hope for the best."

"To-morrow," said I, despondingly—"who knows what the morrow may bring forth?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEATH OF ISHAMY.—Those who have noted with a shade of sadness the undeniable but how great a void the death of Ishamy will cause. There is no doubt that nothing on earth that can cast so long, and wide, and deep a shadow as a small coffin. It is emphatically the shadow of death, and it darkens the whole heart.

Ishamy was in an infant's tomb, it sometimes suggestions enough to hold the brightest hopes and dearest joys of a whole family circle. The little fellow was the light of his father's eyes, the race of gladness in a household creature, and from which they drew all their spirits over happy moods, and when this central light is extinguished great darkness falls upon all.

How many times we see, as in heaven, gather ed up from all climes, even from heathen shores, who have died so young as to retain no memory of earth, and to be at once received into the bosom of the Father. In how large a sense may we say, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—CHRISTIAN PRES.

WIFE ANSWERED.—Sir J. Mackintosh asked a dear and dumb pupil in Paris:

"Does God remove?"

He replied:

"The reason is to hesitate, to doubt, to inquire; it is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things, foresees all things, knows all things, therefore, God feels no need reason."

THE RIVAL BABIES.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Although I am beginning to be recognized in the various sepia of the clan Baldersnose as Uncle Tido, and Grandpapa That, and am alike gather past having any family concerns of my own, I have had a good deal of interest in their affairs. The little people manifest a lively sense of my participation in their griefs and joys, and they expect from me at Christmas, the generous gentlemen of the tribe commit me about their new partnerships and investments: and I have even had the honour of being taken into the confidence on one or two of the young ladies' respecting affairs of the heart. The most remarkable event or circumstance in the family history for a considerable time, by-gone since Tommanda's last baby; which was, in the first place, something of a puzzle, in the early part of its being a baby at all, seeing that it was born after an interval of nineteen years from its predecessor; and in the second, proved a marvel of beauty, sensibility, intelligence, and all that a four-class baby is expected to be. For a twelve-month past, there has not been anything nearly so much talked of in our various family circles as the baby-grievance of Tibbie.

Perhaps the whole matter would have passed as much as other such matters do in low-flatting guished circles, but for the irritation which has arisen, I am sorry to say, through the starting up of a competitor baby in another branch of the Corbets are not our relations, but only connexions, though there are some ancient intermarriages. Nevertheless, ever since any of us remember, they were habitually associated with the Baldersnose till a few years ago, when a length a dispute took place, in consequence of something which in one sense or other could come to explain to the comprehension of any third party, and of which, for my own part, I have not the slightest idea. I only know that the feud took place, which all true Baldersnose were bound to resent, and shaking her head, in the language of her sex, that set the whole family into convulsions of laughter. When, with the lapse of years, our nurse had realised the darling Tony Moor to attain some little trait of one or two of the elder ones, just then, in the midst of the general delight, we heard of little Corbet crowing like a cock, and barking like a dog, saying "mamma-black" at the mention of a horse, and imitating the tone of the cat in a way quite ravishing to all hearers. We thought that we had a great start, when our dear babe came down stairs one morning with a little bit of crape on the left sleeve, and a piece of "Here much do you love me, Tony?" said the maid. By way of answer, he flung his little arms wide open, implying that he loved her as much as all that. "And how much do you love me, little Tommy Corbet?" alluding to a neighbor's child who had looked cross at him one day, when their maids walked out together. He put his hands as far apart as he could, stretched the space of about an inch with his finger and thumb, and looked very much pleased. We all thought it, and he beyond anything as yet conceived respecting the sizes of the house at Corbet Hall, and the very great love we experienced, in cause one of those persistent secrets which, from time immemorial, have belonged to early eaten her way to P in a cake of alphabetical gingerbread, being understood to have bestowed all the preceding letters. Then, by the prevailing rewarding; and I am afraid that my good friend Tommanda was not above occasionally pushing the rules of civility towards our informant during the remainder of her visit.

So it has been ever since with these two babies, the one always keeping a little in advance of the other—I will not say in the characteristics, but I must admit, to the undisguised irritation of the Baldersnose family, whose wrath is not a little exchanged by what they hear from time to time of the luxuriant feelings of the Corbets. It being my sincere conviction that matters were not a finer child than little Tony Moor, we are all of us a good deal perplexed by these alleged traits superiority in the Corbet, which suppose some what to mar the theory; but one of our young philosophers, who attends a distinguished institution, has at length hit upon an idea, which seems to bring all into harmony. Girls, he reasons, are, on the whole, considerably in advance of boys in the acts of our baby. But very few weeks had elapsed when we were all the little better and extraordinary care and strength, we began to perceive that Corbet was a baby of a more mature, natural size, and, behold, such is the power of strength and nature, he was soon before the average time, and is in no danger of heading into Limbo! The Baldersnose baby is the baby after all. Let the reader imagine the mortification—though at first scanned by a little incredulity—our family circle experienced when, not long after, that little Georgina Corbet had suddenly taken to running short, and seemed even desirous of getting on her own two feet sooner than our darling Tony Moor!

Though the general run of this first twelvemonth, there had been sundry skirmishings about the dentition of the respective infants, which had ended in a complete victory for Tony the first tooth. I always felt that our precocious baby was destined to be a conqueror, and proof than was to be desired. There had been a carelessness on our nurse's part in observing the first tooth. When first discovered, the tooth appeared as if it had been cut for at least a couple of days. Nevertheless, it was not considered in regard to the Corbet infant, had been announced to the whole neighborhood of aunts and grandmothers, and had been cut for a week, and much had been the crowing thereupon. Notwithstanding, we were not without hope that we had got a guerdon of half-a-crown held out by Grandmamma Baldersnose for early intelligence, the latter had been cut for a week, and was only an intelligent nonsense—it happened several times—that Tony Moor had cut a tooth on the day on which we had every reason to calculate. The utmost we could do was to boast of the fact, as we had done in the case of our baby before, while, on the other hand, there was no wonder that the Corbets were in a state of great excitement in all cases observed to an hour, seeing that the little creature had so much affection in that she had cut a tooth exactly on the day on which she was destined to be baptized. Considering that through the teething with a fair degree of health.

The tug of war, while these merely physical developments were going on, was, though keen, nothing compared to what it became when the intelligence and sanctity of the two children began to appear. We were quite taken by surprise when a neutral friend, calling upon us one day, mentioned that the Corbet infant already could distinguish every one of the family when the name was mentioned, and had even, on one or two occasions, let fall the words Papa and Mamma, although it could not yet be induced to pronounce them at command. It seemed to us that the rival family had stolen a march upon us. We took all the blame, however, upon ourselves, for we felt convinced that our baby would have been quite capable of the like astounding pape and mamma too, if we had only taken pains to instruct him. A vigorous educational effort was therefore resolved upon. Long, however, before any decided consequences had been observed, the same sollicitous friend, having paid another visit to the Corbets, reported that one day, when nobody was thinking of it, little Georgina, being instructed by one of her sisters, broke out with the phrase, "Don't tickle me," to the astonishment of those who heard it, and the incredulity of those who did not. The latter fact fell out in the home as a kind of nursery myth; but yet it was evident that some faith was placed in it, especially as all were convinced that the child was one of singularly precious intellect. We began to side with those who took the sapphire view of the alleged incident, and yet it gave us a secret qualm of alarm as to our baby. We could only relieved in some degree by reasoning that our precious babe had begun to cry "Ma-ma" when anything was given him, as meaning it to be an acknowledgment of the fact. And he had also, when pope was spoken of one day, stunned everybody by pointing to papa's portrait on the wall (papa himself being absent). These were unquestionable indications, affording good grounds of hope, and we will not doubt that he would soon at least overtake the Corbet baby.

Unfortunately for us, for every new trait or sense in our child—and they were copied with the greatest exactness—there was one in a report of fresh accomplishments from the Corbet edifice, and these were always of a character somewhat ahead of any counterpressure gifts in the Baldersnose prodigy. Thus, by the time that our baby could point to a portrait, and make a significant reference to its original, the little Corbet could ask for "mar" ma." By the time that ours demanded more tea, the Corbet baby had attained so art of holding up a tea-cup, and shaking her head, in the technique of her nature, that set the whole family into convulsions of laughter. When, with the greatest pains, our nurse had realised the darling Tony Moor to mimic some little trait of one or two of the elder ones, just then, in the midst of the general delight, we heard of little Corbet crowing like a cock, and barking like a dog, saying "mamma-black" at the mention of a horse, and imitating the tone of the cat in a way quite ravishing to all hearers. We thought that we had a great start, when our dear babe came down stairs one morning with a little bit of crape on the left sleeve, and a piece of "Here much do you love me, Tony?" said the maid. By way of answer, he flung his little arms wide open, implying that he loved her as much as all that. "And how much do you love me, little Tommy

Foreign Letter.

REMINISCENCES OF ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Visit to the Venerable City of York—A Rural Drive—Ancient Castles and Fashionable Villas—A Wood Sawing Machine and Other Novelties—Religion and Education.

Two weeks spent in Yorkshire, visiting a few of the most remarkable places comprehended in the large district of country known by this name, and observing the peculiarities of the people, have left many pleasant impressions on my mind, that I think it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Post to have something of my doings there.

Journeying into the country was by the way of York, and I could not have selected a more convenient route to make a favorable impression. First of all there was the antiquity of the place, which in, however, less vividly impressed upon my mind by the appearance of the city, than in any other place I have visited. But tradition makes you look 1,500 years, and authentic history makes it at an important place more than 1,700 years ago. It was, moreover, the first walled town that I had visited, and at that time walled towns were more noteworthy in my estimation than now. My first ascension, therefore, was to the wall, to make a thorough circuit. I was disappointed. I expected to see old and crumbling remains, and found strong, substantial, and well repaired walls, which, originally, as I believe against fire and sword, but useless now for that purpose, are maintained in good repair as a beautiful and healthy promenade, to ward off the attacks of a deadly an enemy, pestilence. Upon this height and level, and commanding view, the youth and beauty of the old cathedral city used to assemble. My limbs being in late evening and early morning, I missed the living attraction. I was satisfied with the dead past. But there is a point in the wall where I found a charm for the solace of York in my memory. I cannot name the locality, as I did not guard against its sensitive and haunted proportions. I had now nothing to prepare me for the grandeur of the scene before me. I had traveled through part of the narrower streets of the old town, and without knowing it, had been ascending, on turning a corner, the stupendous the same into view, a sight of inconceivable beauty and grandeur, calculated to enfold the sentiment of proportion. And when one is here for the first time, and when the scenery is ever-renewed now, how your eyes wanders with delight over the exquisite and elaborate tracery, where skill and patience and labor of years were not imprisoned. But it is only when you have walked the length of the cathedral, and for the first time in my life was I struck with awe upon entering a church. I had no eye for the delicate carvings, nor for the stained glass windows; the vastness of the space engrossed, the fullness of the architecture, the long rows of the pillars drawing the spectators, pendened feeling not unlike that I have felt in the presence of the sublime sense of eternity. I was in no delight to stand over us, and the straggling rays of a few lamps in spots of the immense nave flattering through the vast area and to wander wearily to the window above, that I might escape from the delightful awe which crept over me in the vaults of the Mammoth Cave. The attendants there had their interesting tours, not always of most sublime character, and chatted laughingly one to another, as was natural; while I, alone and in the solitude. I said to hear the echoing service, but was not well repaid. The organ was not in use, the choir was only ful filled, and the benches were more than half empty; the surplices of the singers were ugly in most of the eyes of the congregation, and as service seemed to issue for such a place, as I supposed that I had not before seen.

My most pleasant political experience in England was at York. As I rambled through the streets examining, as I thought, all that was to be seen, I noticed Henry Vincent, candidate for one of the districts of York. I had read of Vincent, as a captivating orator, and as a faithful laborer in many good causes, and felt quite a desire to see and hear him. I may of him a heart and patriotical sincere, I may of the life of Henry Vincent advertised, and also inquiries for the place of meeting, and so fortunate enough to find an intelligent octogenarian, a personal friend of the orator, who volunteered to act as my guide to the place. When we reached the spot, we used a crowd of several hundred men, mostly educated operatives from the factories, gathered from the window above, a short, stout, rosy colored, jolly looking, natural faced man was addressing them. His speech was a political arrangue, on the eve of the election, advising them how to act, but not entering into the discussion of issues. It relieved no field for the finer of that eloquence that transported the orator, and his hearers, into a kind of ecstacy, and which I have heard described in Parliament. It was a clear, finest and forcible appeal to his supporters, to show by their respect for the laws and to their opponents, that they were worthy of the extension of the suffrage which they claimed. His discourse was not lacking the legitimate weapons of argument, his illness upon the justice of his cause, his liberality in his views, and the moderation with which his appeals to the best wisdom and highest sense of right to his hearers met, gave an high opinion of the candidate, and of his party. There were, occasionally, scintillations of humor, as he described the instruments commonly employed in elections, and which are now eminently banished, as he exposed the stratagems by which corruption is still effected. He showed powers not fully trained. Though did not what I hoped in a speech from a practical, popular eloquence, I was well pleased as I had spent an hour in the morning of my life. Having to this extent identified myself with him, I found no better way of getting to hand than by keeping with him, for they flattered to meet again in a few minutes, in a matter of the city where I lodged, and so could have been a task of no small difficulty to all the way by myself. I joined in the procession. The fortune of politics, or the success of my guide, gave me a place in the ranks, with the front side of the car, and I found myself of other. My companions position, and to march but, evidently the only one that had also its appearance in York, drew upon me a shower of attention. One don't care to be the means of a disorder in a crowd. I found myself recognized the next morning in the cleaned, in the ferry-boat, and the cars, as one Mr. Vincent's friends from America.

After the Cathedral at York, there is nothing Yorkshire worth a visit than Bolton Abbey, and Fountains Abbey, and Rievaulx Abbey. Upon a city of about seven thousand inhabitants, named Ripon—the R. W. of York. It is also a cathedral, whose architectural merits I cannot form a view. To the lovers of the Lyrical and the ghostly, the crypts, one of which is said to be the oldest consecrated relic in the kingdom, and member of which is used as a sacred house, and containing huge piles of human bones, piled in like wood in a wood-shed, are each the time and fee required to enter them. Ripon itself has been somewhat famous in the city, was more interesting to me. For more than a hundred years, the proprietors have celebrated, on the village of Monday, to be a beautiful present, a sale in tangle, caused by neighborhood trees. Your eyes is directed here and there by rods of hazels of deer, spotted upon the lawn, or quietly grazing in the shade. Under the trees, with the cool and delightful air, as well as the pure prospect, are only pleasant provision to the retired sidey stranger upon the same terms. This is the most extensive, and by many considered the most beautiful of the many ancient ecclesiastical edifices in England. Beside giving you a pretty accurate idea of the character of such establishments there are some of the points of interest fail to impress you with that pleasing sentimentality, which the sight of ancient monuments and crumbling walls, of departed, long-cemented towers and arches is calculated to inspire. You cannot visit it as you should to feel its beauty to the utmost, by yourself, or with a companion-ing friend; you must call a guide to ready to show you around, and you will probably not till you have a party of a dozen or more. In addition to this unfortunate, you run the risk of having a loquacious and witty guide. The abbey, just before the dissolution, under Henry VIII., was erected in more of ground; now the ruins spanned, are only one tenth of what it covered. In addition, the large portions are buried beneath the soil. The main building is still sufficiently preserved to give you a magnificent conception of the style of architecture. The dormitories here in the world, the refectory, and the kitchen of the neighboring buildings for three hundred years. It has been considered a far more eligible country than the dull city of York.

Within a circle of forty or fifty miles of Ripon, are many such relics of the middle ages. On the West lie the ruins of Bolton Abbey, in some respects more interesting than these. The scenery where Bolton Abbey is situated is sublime, as I walked towards the North, I looked in upon the magnificent ruins of Jervaux Abbey, hardly inferior to the attention of the tourist. A few miles further North, in all their original plainness, stolly distinguished in strength, towered the bare walls of Middleham Castle, once the seat of Warwick, the king-making baron. The same day, on miles to the West, in the lovely vale of Wensleydale, I passed the ruins of Bolton Castle, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned for two years, and from which she fruitlessly attempted to escape.

Within two miles of this ruin, is a village, half country, half town, in one of the most fruitful and lovely vales of England, I rolled down for a week, and learned a little of Yorkshire and Yorkshiremen. The readers of the post are a people, their broad dialect, their peculiar customs, afforded me much amusement. I began to classify the characteristics of their pronunciation, and had got so far as to discover that of, oh, told, hot, and not, were pronounced as if written ou, tould, hout, and nout, and that o before y, becomes o, so that every pony becomes pony, that they don't mow the grass, but sow it, when I crossed the little brook running through the dale, and found in the farmers dialect of three or four miles around, diffidence of dialect, that I abandoned my task in despair, thinking that it would be but a poor contribution to Philology. In all the districts where I observed the language, there seemed to be a tendency to change the long a into i, as nowhere the blessing a softened to the burning e, as we sometimes say that Yorkshire dialect requires, but as did I find. Nor is it for a, as *wet, end to*, as common in I expected. The use of the and that among the common people is universal, and it seemed odd enough to one who had associated the language with gravity and propriety, to hear it the frequent companion of vulgar oaths. The part of Yorkshire with which I became familiar, is largely devoted to agricultural country, consisting of narrow valleys, shut in by high terraced hills. In the valleys are the farms, villages and towns, the former having their feats, the latter their fairs. The day after my arrival in Ripon, a fair of the hands of one of the neighboring villages celebrated the feast of their patron saint, and to the afternoon I walked over to see their sports. On my arrival, I found the main road through the village well filled with men and boys, women and children, spectators of a foot race, in which three more than half naked men were competing for the prize of a few shilling but, and the glory of the victory. The race was evidently contested, and the victor in the end, Olympic games was greeted at the goal, with as hearty an enthusiasm as met the conqueror in the Olympic circus. A race for a scarf followed, but claimed little interest, because the prize was of too little value, or from the want of consequent upon the previous excitement. The most exciting and popular sport seemed to be "throwing the sledge" and "throwing the hammer" to the fat bant of the gentry, that the common people can indulge in. A stick leaves the village, and mates a long circuit through the neighboring fields and woods, trailing a rag, fastened with some powerful perfume. It has reached a suitable distance, all the trailers in the chase can be introduced on the track, and the crowd is gathered at the terminus of the round, all eager to see whose dog has been the first to the track best, and entered. By twilight came down, the villagers assembled on a pleasant lawn to try their skill in wrestling. But after a long day spent in other sports, they seemed to go at heavily. Everything seemed to be conducted with the greatest propriety. The children were gathered in crowds about the booths, where cups and cookies were offered in their greedy gaze and watering mouths. The fay wound up with a dance in the village tavern, that was attended by men, with the women in the constant of hard drinking. At any rate, one of the spectators of the neighborhood was called out by a little while before daybreak to minister to a man, who they thought was dying from the effects of the pleasures of the English sabbath. Old Yorkshiremen have the reputation of being very much addicted to drink, and I have quite a wide awake Sawney, and under favorable circumstances would ask as "beast" of a Yankee. They have, however, the reputation of being the laziest people in England. The two qualities as I observed the face of the country, I thought it favored the last suspicion. The land was almost all in grass, and the cattle and sheep I saw looked as if they were doing well. The crops, I should think would be about equal to a large extent the work of a washing nary or sewing machine, but in the country, I saw not twenty men at work in the fields. In the village where I staid, the inhabitants were busy with their hay, and I observed no exception to the rest of my observations. I had a few days of fine weather, and improved it to take rare. I walked one morning through a thickly settled valley, and until 7½ o'clock I saw no sign of life. But one has no right to form conclusions about Yorkshire, because he has seen a few villages and a single valley. The people is almost as much diversity of character, customs and dialect, as you will find in the whole of the United States.

C. G.

Clippings.

EPITAPH.

Here live the body of William Dent,
Death lasted up his name and away he went
It shall never come again to we.
Although Jenkins only sain once a day,
still he says he has three sermons—yes, he has, in fact, more, and newly preaches. Jenkins is becoming a philosopher.

☞ Many a heart has bled under social wrongs and grievances, as well as wounds. As an instance, we are it stated that a Mr. Evans, of Lowell, committed suicide of his wife about he had discovered, charging her with cutting off the head of a chicken, and throwing it at him. He was brought before a magistrate on Tuesday, and fined three dollars, which the *business* had to pay.

☞ In Recall the blacks are admitted into the church as persons in the Methodist Episcopal army, in which, in former times, they attained to the grade of Major. Even the National Legislature has recognized the rights of the race, as well as while men in the United States. Many Yorkshiremen have the idea that this is ultimately will become a negro nation.

☞ It is common in the East to see most Arabs sleeping and knitting, the result of the wedding hovels and digging canals.

☞ A man called upon an inveterate tenderfoot to pay a demand. "I can never pay it," said he, "I am not worth a farthing; but I will give you a horse for the debt." "I don't want it," I can ugh a sort."

☞ Here's a model speech made by the President of the Northamptonshire (Eng.) Farming and Grazing Society, on presenting a prize to his servant girl:

"Now, young man, take that cup; and remember, also, to plough deep, and drain shallow."

☞ Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, the wife of Ex-President Tyler, published a letter in the Enquirer a reply to the letter which the Duchess of Sutherland addressed to the ladies of England thought proper, not long since, to address to the "Women of America," on the question of slavery.

☞ A French paper tells us of a miller's daughter at Pompeaux, so pretty and so clever, that the sighs of her numerous admirers would be sufficient to turn her father's mill.

☞ A Mr. Bergh is a philanthropist in New York, who, having frequent occasion to ride in omnibuses, has had a number of straps put in them to pay six of them for each ride, thus saving the quarter cent, and causing four cents on every ride.

☞ It is a custom in Denmark to keep the graves covered with turf, and, on which are placed wreaths and flower-pots.

☞ MEXICO.—An exchange, noticing the last consolidation of Mexico, says: "We do not apprehend that Mexico will fail to pieces. It hangs so closely together, that it will require a great deal of resistance to the hard knocks which they constantly receive; they only shake about, and, like the products of a cloud, soon recover their position and go on as before."

☞ "Mr. Smith," remarks there are goodies playing at certain hours of the day, with the word "Omnibus" printed conspicuously upon the back seats.

☞ An Indian tender of an opera singer has challenged Gov. Ashmeier, of the Boston Atlas, for one of his criticisms on Madame Fan-no-lo. The Colonel accepts the challenge, and names either battycore or rickshocks, as the offended party shall choose. The combat is to come off on the 7 occidian demain. At a distance 50 cts. provided the terms are accepted!

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

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TERMS, &c.

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20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

Answers are made to many a person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the letter will state to which persons the credit at the same time of the name list of the. We will not be responsible for such remittees if not made to them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at one and the same time, but sometimes this cannot be.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Bills of all kinds, when they can be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can be remitted lead by letter, and to the individuals.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. Many are thereby *to post paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office they be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish them changed *to*.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves, and get up Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers for themselves, they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person, who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

As we omit our Prospectus, on account of the crowded state of our columns, we may state, for the benefit of strangers to the paper, that we have engaged two of the best novelets of the day, for the coming year, one of which is

CLARA MORELAND,

an circumstances may determine, commencing as an original novelet, by Mrs. Lee Hentz, to be called

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRIKE AGAINST FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT.

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, under the name of Aunt Fanny, and by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;

A STORY OF ROWLAT HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are authorized by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE;

the first of which we are in weekly expectations of receiving.

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and poetry, will be given. Correspondence, agricultural and horticultural matters, Literary notices, political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

By no means, intelligent reader, must the perusal of an article with the above title, on one fourth page, be considered as equal authority, as if observed the face of the country, I thought it favored the last suspicion. The land was almost all in grass, and the cattle and sheep I saw looked as if they were doing well. The crops, I should think would be about equal to a large extent the work of a washing nary or sewing machine, but in the country, I saw not twenty men at work in the fields. In the village where I staid, the inhabitants were busy with their hay, and I observed no exception to the rest of my observations. I had a few days of fine weather, and improved it to take rare. I walked one morning through a thickly settled valley, and until 7½ o'clock I saw no sign of life. But one has no right to form conclusions about Yorkshire, because he has seen a few villages and a single valley. The people is almost as much diversity of character, customs and dialect, as you will find in the whole of the United States.

C. G.

Clippings.

EPITAPH.

Here live the body of William Dent,
Death lasted up his name and away he went
It shall never come again to we.

Although Jenkins only sain once a day, still he says he has three sermons—yes, he has, in fact, more, and newly preaches. Jenkins is becoming a philosopher.

☞ Many a heart has bled under social wrongs and grievances, as well as wounds. As an instance, we are it stated that a Mr. Evans, of Lowell, committed suicide of his wife about he had discovered, charging her with cutting off the head of a chicken, and throwing it at him. He was brought before a magistrate on Tuesday, and fined three dollars, which the *business* had to pay.

☞ In Recall the blacks are admitted into the church as persons in the Methodist Episcopal army, in which, in former times, they attained to the grade of Major. Even the National Legislature has recognized the rights of the race, as well as while men in the United States. Many Yorkshiremen have the idea that this is ultimately will become a negro nation.

☞ It is common in the East to see most Arabs sleeping and knitting, the result of the wedding hovels and digging canals.

☞ A man called upon an inveterate tenderfoot to pay a demand. "I can never pay it," said he, "I am not worth a farthing; but I will give you a horse for the debt." "I don't want it," I can ugh a sort."

☞ Here's a model speech made by the President of the Northamptonshire (Eng.) Farming and Grazing Society, on presenting a prize to his servant girl:

"Now, young man, take that cup; and remember, also, to plough deep, and drain shallow."

☞ Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, the wife of Ex-President Tyler, published a letter in the Enquirer a reply to the letter which the Duchess of Sutherland addressed to the ladies of England thought proper, not long since, to address to the "Women of America," on the question of slavery.

☞ A French paper tells us of a miller's daughter at Pompeaux, so pretty and so clever, that the sighs of her numerous admirers would be sufficient to turn her father's mill.

☞ A Mr. Bergh is a philanthropist in New York, who, having frequent occasion to ride in omnibuses, has had a number of straps put in them to pay six of them for each ride, thus saving the quarter cent, and causing four cents on every ride.

☞ It is a custom in Denmark to keep the graves covered with turf, and, on which are placed wreaths and flower-pots.

☞ MEXICO.—An exchange, noticing the last consolidation of Mexico, says: "We do not apprehend that Mexico will fail to pieces. It hangs so closely together, that it will require a great deal of resistance to the hard knocks which they constantly receive; they only shake about, and, like the products of a cloud, soon recover their position and go on as before."

☞ "Mr. Smith," remarks there are goodies playing at certain hours of the day, with the word "Omnibus" printed conspicuously upon the back seats.

☞ An Indian tender of an opera singer has challenged Gov. Ashmeier, of the Boston Atlas, for one of his criticisms on Madame Fan-no-lo. The Colonel accepts the challenge, and names either battycore or rickshocks, as the offended party shall choose. The combat is to come off on the 7 occidian demain. At a distance 50 cts. provided the terms are accepted!

HORRIBLE OPPRESSION.

The cause of the deceased news this week, will be shocked and horrified to learn that the poorman barberites are committed in the unfortunate slavery in Europe. In the House of Mr. Ingersoll, of Conn., Congress "should give no one any power over the person." Mr. Ingersoll's account of this atrocious business:

Mr. Ingersoll said a large portion of the people of Connecticut where he resided were deeply interested in this subject. He should vote against the bill, because it proposed to kill a citizen, were he to pass directly to the opposite side of the globe. The Constitution declared that they ought not to be liberated in the State where they fled, but should be delivered up to their master, and he was sure that when the Constitution was framed, the framers of it never supposed they would, as one man, disregard their solemn oaths. Had they supposed, he said from these papers that one of the most distinguished of the Revolutionary fathers within the last year, was severely censured by the people of Connecticut, because he was not in favor of the fugitive slave law. Mr. Ingersoll's account of this atrocious business:

"Several Learn Maidens" enclose the above to us, hoping we may say a few words in favor of our festival favorite."

We cordially endorse a defender from such an attack, it would be a proof that he is a man of no discrimination, and that he does not see things—displays what the critic thinks, and, to a greater or less degree, what he is. Some of our readers may recollect the fable of "the fox and the nightingale;" of the former's instance, and the latter's taste of her quality—upon which the long-armed animal replied (we quote from memory):—

"Sir, then, to me, then really best seem nasty;
Thy voice, your music-composer, but d'Clemence!
Would give thee a few lessons, desirous to
Thy voice, your music-composer, but d'Clemence!
And then, in spite of all thy finite, might'st be
Just half so much admired."

Many such critics you and I have seen.
Heaven be our screen!

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—About the best thing that has occurred in Europe, since the accession of an Emperor, is to fall in love with and marry a Spanish beauty. She is called by some the Countess de Teba, by others Eugenie de Montijo, and by others Eugenie Guzman. The Napoleon simply calls her in his democratic style, Eugenie, and she, fascinating eyes of her Spanish father. Louis Napoleon seems to have fallen desperately in love with her, and has married her, and, as we understand, he is, we say, is the best thing we have heard of the new Emperor since he left the position of state policy, is a matrimonial matter to the winds. As the poet says,

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"

and the world will acknowledge and sympathize with this "touch of nature" in Napoleon the Third, as it has with Victoria's choice of Prince Albert. His speech in relation to the marriage is manly, bold and independent.

As to the general news of the late week, is the alarm again expressed in England of a Russian invasion. Of this, of course, nothing is known. The Ministry. That the Emperor of Russia is not disposed to believe. In 1840, when brought before the Chamber of Peers for trial, Louis Napoleon said:

"I stand before you as the representative of a *principle*, a cause, and a *defeat*.

"The principle is the sovereignty of the people—the cause is the Empire—the *defeat* is Waterloo.

"The principle I have sustained, the cause I have acknowledged the principle—the defeat you have avenged.

That he now denies the last item of an invasion, we have no reason to doubt. It is a strong thing. He that has perjured himself will not hesitate at a polite lie. Besides, he is fraudulent to the principle of the people, and to the cause, carrying out the policy of, the great Napoleon, and not that of Napoleon the Little. Strategic, probably has been influenced somewhat by the fact that her ascension to the throne, the Russian Emperor will be the first to recognize.

A GOOD WORK.—Our city councils have authorized a conditional subscription of 20,000 shares of stock, at $50 per share, to the subscription of 10,000 shares to the Hempfield Road; and instructed their delegates to the Councils' meeting to hold and vote for the Parkersburgh Railroad, to recommend and sanction the subscription on the part of the County, to extend the Marietta and Cincinnati Railway from Marietta to Wheeling. These votes will open to us the shortest and cheapest connection as can be secured, with every considerable point in the Ohio valley, will give them equal advantages with New York as to the trade of the Great Lakes; and connect with the Virginia Central Railroad, the Virginias and Kentucky. Really, it looks as if Philadelphia was going to be aroused. It is time from its slumbers, and take measures to secure to our city those advantages which its location and its unequaled facilities would invite enables it to. Philadelphia may yet become the great Philadelphia of the great valley of Europe. Even if the latter continues to monopolize the bulk of the foreign trade, that is an advantage to us, as it will give a better market of the country. The whole amount shipped to the eastern cities, and the consumption of the entire production of the Union; while the single Pennsylvania staple of coals on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, will probably furnish full cargoes for four times all the American vessels now employed in the foreign trade.

☞ "FANCY TERM."—We recently quoted from a Boston paper, a rather "fine and spirited" description of a horse race. The following description is from the notice in question, from the following, which recently appeared from a paper in the city of New York:

If you know a literary lady who prides a quiet life to notoriety, don't let any scoundrel publish her name in connection with a "fancy term." Don't let her believe a gaping public notice has been attracted to her merits, or that the fact of her existence that you would "speaking of a well-formed leg," or "speaking of the well-turned ankle," or "speaking of the arch of the foot," were something else was more likely to exist than a "fancy term."

Advise everybody to cultivate her delightful and unaffected acquaintance, and you may perhaps have *[illegible]* to—. Just a bad idea, you know, Don't you? And so on, you, Laura Matilda!

☞ PUBLISHERS' MANUAL. The February number contains several very interesting articles. One on "Our Best Society," we extract in greater part in another column. For sale at 306 Chestnut, Philadelphia.

☞ HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Magazine for February, contains its usual excellent assortment of original and selected articles. For sale by Leary, Stuart & Co., 306 Chestnut, Philadelphia.

☞ GRAHAM OF THE CHRISTIAN. Another number of Lippincott, Grambo & Co.'s edition of the Presbyterian Monthly.

☞ MY SCHOOL AND SCHOLARS; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-MASTER. By one of the "Fraternity." Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

☞ ELEMENTARY AND ORATORICAL EXPERIENCE. By J. A. Fowler. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

☞ FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, LATIN, AND GERMAN WORDS & MAXIMS. First pamphlets of Part I. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

☞ LADIES' COMPANION FOR THE PROPER. Two more volumes, completing the series. Published by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

☞ A VILLAINOUS JOKE.—Al Ardente, in the Washington Union, relates the following incident. On the occasion, their friends gave them a fete, and some one mingled opium with the punch. Both drank copiously of it, and were found the next morning insensible. Fortunately, no one had taken enough to kill them, but they were not sensible next morning, but continued so for four days, and it was feared they never would wake.

☞ A correspondent of the New York Times, writing a letter lately, on Mr. Calhoun, appends the following:

"P. S. Allow me humbly to suggest to your denizen of types, that in my last, where he says: 'Mr. Jefferson's bond was well formed and well carried,' I had written 'well carried.'"

☞ "A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY."—A North Carolina lawmaker calls attention to that class of mysterious advertisements, headed "A Chance to Make Money," &c. He thinks that the best way to get rid of them is to tax them, and then take a take. He says:—

If the knowledge was required by our people of the manner of operation, the article could day by the general operation, but many would still be glad to pay for it, as they do now for the knowledge of other people's business. I am in favor of a tax of one dollar to be placed on all such advertisements in the manner of evil speaking the Christ's rule, or they are none of His, and they are not of God. Let the tax be given from the latter to the former, and the Millenium had already come, they might sit at once popular and worthy; and I am sure that the money would be placed where its use. The tuition is an immigrant profit of scars of ambition, and the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and horrors. The religion of peace and the system of righteousness ought to have something to say to that, or, one way or another, the blood as shed will be required at the hands of those watchmen who do not cry the alarm.

The uppermost thought in my mind is the present peril and prospective ruin of the church of the country, the church now being with evil in the hands of its enemies. Of this I do speak; I will endeavor—*Dr. Elder.*

☞ RUSH.—Our readers abroad may wonder that we should make so much ado about a bird; they will not when they learn that Hessians and the Hessians generally are destitute of birds. In the mountains, there are a few species, and but few. Even within the memory of the writer, the robin, when a stray visitor from the forests, or a neighbor's cage, is heard or seen abroad, it becomes instant attention. Well, to-day before fall upon the car, a thousand pleasing reminiscences of childhood, the church bells rang out their joyous, I think of it despairingly; would it were otherwise.—*Dr. Elder.*

☞ FLOUR AND MEAL.—The eruption of Flour during the past week have been quite moderate. The stock of Flour in first hands is considerably lighter in the market, and holders have been enabled to realize full prices for their lots. The sales of Superfine reach to-day about 12,000 bbls at $5.31@5.37½ for select brands, and $5.25@5.31 for common to good. Extras are steady at $5.44@5.50 for select brands, and $5.06@5.37½ for extra. The sales for city consumption are 2,000 bbls at $5.75@5.87 for fancy brands, and $5.50@5.62½ for common and fancy brands, according to quality. Small lots of Rye Flour are held at $3.75, and there has been a moderate request, and in the part two days' purchases at $3.62½. Corn Meal is dull, but there is little or none coming in; retail sales at $3.62½. Corn has been in limited request, but the supplies have been ample for the trade. To-day 5,000 bushels sold at 57@58 cts afloat, and some white at 60. Oats are dull, and little purchases at 32@33 cts for Pennsylvania and Delaware.

GRAIN.—The stock of Wheat is steadily becoming reduced, and there is now in store 84,000 bushels good and prime and at $1.75@1.80, and some fair at $1.70@1.72½. Rye is in demand at 90@91 cts. Corn is rather more inquired for, and there is little or none coming in; retail sales at 55@57c. Corn has been in limited request, but the supplies have been ample for the trade. To-day 5,000 bushels sold at 57@58 cts afloat, and some white at 60. Oats are dull, and little purchases at 32@33 cts for Pennsylvania and Delaware.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is in limited request. Sales of Mess at $4.62½@4.75 per bbl. City packed Timothy is held at $2.50@2.62½ per bushel, and Flaxseed at $1.50@1.55 per bushel. Sales of Hungarian Grass at $1.50 per bushel. Sales of Broom Corn at $60@70 per ton.

COFFEE.—There has been some inquiry, and prices are fully late per lb higher. Sales of 500,000 lbs Rio at 9½@9¾ cts, and 1,000 bags Laguayra at 9½@9¾ cts, and 1,000 bags Laguayra at 9½@9¾ cts.

SUGAR.—Prices are firm at 5½ per lb, 6 cts, for English Standing, and 10@10c for Yellow Metal, with limited sales.

MOLASSES.—The demand for Cotton during the past week has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales to-day amount to 400 bbls at 31 cts; 40 bbls at 32 cts; 50 bbls at 33 cts; 100 bbls at 34 cts; 1,000 bbls at 35 cts, and 1,000 bbls at 36 cts, at the close of the week, with a moderate business doing. Among the sales are some 1000 bbls of Cotton, at 34 cts; 1,000 bbls at 35 cts; 1,000 bbls at 36 cts, 1,000 Tarrance Acid at Stable per lb.

PROVISIONS.—The stock of Provisions is good, of good Western, in lots, at 4½@4¾c per lb.

BUTTER.—There is a large increase to notice in the market, and the sales of Philadelphia Butter are only in retail lots at $17@18; $12@13, and $6@7@8 per bbl for common to good. Sales of 1,000 lbs Roll at 15c per lb.

CATTLE.—Several cargoes of Palermo Oranges and Lemons are landing, from which 1,000 boxes have been sold at $4@4.50 per box. Sales of 1,000 boxes Malaga Raisins at $2.50 per box. Sales of 1,000 boxes Malaga Raisins at $2.50 per box. Sales of 1,000 boxes Malaga Raisins at $2

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms. DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 31st ult. Mr. Clemens appeared in the Senate, the first time for months.

Mr. Hunter submitted a resolution, which was agreed to, directing the appointment of a Committee, on the part of the Senate, to join such Committee as may be appointed by the House, to examine and count the returns of the votes for President and Vice President, and to notify the persons chosen of their election.

Mr. Borland presented the credentials of Mr. Sebastian, re-elected Senator from Arkansas for six years.

Mr. Hale presented the memorial of the Pennsylvania Society for the abrogation of slavery and for the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage, asking the repeal or modification of the fugitive slave act to some conformity with the provisions of the Constitution. Also, a petition of the Grand River Quarterly Meeting of Free Baptists of Michigan, declaring the Fugitive Slave Law contrary to the law of God, and praying its immediate repeal. He said that he knew of no appropriate committee to which to refer them, and on his motion they were laid on the table.

Mr. Cass presented several additional petitions, praying the intervention of this Government to protect American citizens abroad in religious worship. He recommended the subject to the earnest attention of the Committee of Foreign Relations, and hoped for an early favorable report thereon.

A message was received from the House, announcing the death of Mr. Buell. Remarks were made by Messrs. Seward, Fish, and Hamlin. Adjourned.

On the 1st inst., the Chair communicated the report of the Secretary of the Navy, with a statement of the kinds and qualities of coal used in the Navy. Referred.

Mr. Seward presented the resolutions of the Legislature of New York, relating to the imprisonment, in Tuscany, of Francisco and Rosa Madiai, for the offence of reading the Bible. Read and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Also, petitions in favor of freedom of conscience being accorded to Americans abroad.

Also, the petitions of Mr. Kelly and others, steamboat owners of New York, asking a suspension of the steamboat law of last session, for the period of nine months, was also presented.

Mr. Miller submitted a resolution directing the preparation of a list of the deaf mutes in the United States, and that five hundred copies thereof be printed for the use of the Senate, and five copies for each Institution of the Deaf and Dumb in the United States.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up.

The resolutions reported at the last session by the Committee on Foreign Relations, relative to the Garay Grant, was taken up.

Mr. Mason, recapitulated the facts set forth in the report of the Committee. He said that the acquisition of California and the intervening territory, placed this Government in the position of having some of its dependencies almost inaccessible. A work has been published, containing a report of the surveys made at the time of receiving the grant by Garay, in which it was demonstrated that the distance from sea to sea, in a straight line, was but 135 miles, the level to be overcome but 600 feet, and the feasibility of the road practically ascertained. The Tehuantepec road could, as has been satisfactorily shown, be constructed for eight millions of dollars. It was true that it was out of the territory of the United States, but for all commercial purposes and for the wants of the Government it could not be surpassed. He did not propose that this Government should aid the Company by money, but that it should protect its citizens and secure to itself the best, safest and most certain means of communicating with the American possessions on the Pacific.

The American Company had been invited by the Mexican Government and aided in the commencement of the work. Suddenly the decree of Salas was repealed, and, with it, the law making the grant to Garay. The Americans were contumeliously expelled the country, at great loss and total disregard of their rights. He attributed their conduct to the weakness of the Government, and the prejudices and fears entertained and fostered there against allowing Americans any foothold in that country. He argued at length to show that the act of Salas was valid, and that others had been recognized by the same Congress which repealed this. He read a table, showing the distance between New York and San Francisco by the Chagres route to be 6,050 miles; between New Orleans and San Francisco, by way of Chagres, 5,675 miles; between New York and San Francisco, by the Tehuantepec route, 4,970; between New Orleans and San Francisco, by the Tehuantepec, 3,749 miles. The average time from New York to San Francisco, by the Chagres route, was 30 days, and the shortest 24 days. The average time by the Tehuantepec route was 19 days, and the shortest 15 days. From New Orleans, by way of Tehuantepec, the average time would be 14 days, and shortest 12 days. The grant had been repealed two years ago, and nothing had yet been done in the matter. The Mexican Government had been inviting new proposals, but which were to be surrounded with such restrictions as would prevent any investment being made; or, if made, would forever place that route under the exclusive control of Mexico. Mexico ought to see and know, as she would do were she the enlightened nation she ought to be, that such a transit connecting two oceans of the world ought to be open to the world, and in the charge of no exclusive nation. It might become the duty of the United States, to insist that this right of way shall be substantially conceded as secured by the grant to Garay. He earnestly argued that it was the duty of the Government to protect the rights of its citizens. He said the commerce of the United States, finding its outlet in the mouth of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, could pass to this great highway without being within reach of any foreign possession, except the coast of Mexico. He cited Vattel to show that, under an indispensable necessity, this Government had the right to demand a right of way by Tehuantepec. A man who purchases a piece of land, who finds he has no right of way to mill or market, except across the lands of the person from whom he purchased has the right to take that right of way. We have bought California, and have a right of way to her, but what sort of a one? Across barren deserts, over mountains, and through bands of hostile Indians. The most direct and nearest route for us, is Tehuantepec; and he desired to be understood as not meaning that he would take that right of way, by force, except in a case of imperious necessity—yet the right of it was undoubted. He insisted that there was a necessity now for this nation to afford its people a safe and certain means of communication with the Pacific. He meant no discouragement to the proposed overland railroad, but he did not think it could be constructed for many years, if at all. The country was, in places, a desert, in others rocky mountains, on which and in the valleys were snows for many months in the year. To suppose a road could be now constructed for 2,000 miles in that country, at this time, was to him impossible. The Government ought to secure that route which will be most secure and most certain at all seasons of the year. The resolutions asked the Government to do nothing, but to hold Mexico to the observance of good faith, and her compacts with our citizens. He desired that the Senate should adopt the resolutions—that Mexico should see that this Senate insist on her keeping that faith. They further provide, that if she do not this, then this Senate will advise an examination of our relations with her. He hoped the new administration about to come into power would send to Mexico an able man, with instructions to assure that nation that the United States desire no rupture with her, have no desire to despoil her of any territory, but that all our feeling towards her is to do that which any other nation would do—open that road as a highway to the world. If necessary, let there be modifications of the grant now held, but that right of way, free and uninterrupted, must be insisted on as a *sine qua non*. He desired no war. He would rather have a war with any other nation in the world than Mexico. She was weak—she was a Republic. But a greater reason was, that should such a war occur, Mexico would fall dead upon our hands. Adjourned.

On the 2nd, the Warehouse Bill was discussed.

Mr. Mangum presented the joint resolutions of the Legislature of North Carolina, in favor of repealing all duties on railroad iron.

The resolutions relating to the right of way under the Garay grant, over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec were taken up.

Mr. Downs addressed the Senate, for one hour, in favor of this Government compelling Mexico to a rigid adherence to her plighted faith, under that grant to Garay, now held by a citizen of the United States. He coincided entirely with what Mr. Mason said on this subject.

Mr. Seward got the floor, and the subject was postponed until Tuesday next.

The Senate next took up the bill for an emigrant route to the Pacific, to which Mr. Rusk from the Special Committee, had reported an amendment, striking out all after the enacting clause, and inserting a provision, that it shall be the duty of the President to cause to be constructed, as soon as practicable, a Railroad and Magnetic Telegraph Line, connecting the valley of the Mississippi with the Pacific Ocean, at such points as he may designate. The President to determine the general route, and to employ engineers and surveyors to furnish him with information, &c., grants the right of way of 300 feet through the public lands, for the construction of the road; appropriates alternate sections of land, six miles on each side through the States, and twelve miles on each side through territories; and appropriates $20,000,000 in 5 per cent. bonds, redeemable in 30 years. The road to be constructed in a most complete and finished manner, and to be a first class road. As soon as the general route has been determined, proposals are to be advertised for, and the work given to the lowest responsible bidder. The rest of the bill, containing fourteen sections, is occupied in the various details of the above general provision.

Mr. Brodhead moved to amend the substitute by striking it all out, and inserting a provision appropriating $100,000 to enable the necessary surveys and reconnoissances to be made, which, when made, are to be reported to Congress.

Messrs. Rusk, Mangum and Borland opposed the amendment.

Mr. Brodhead said the object of the amendment was to defeat the passage of the bill. He was opposed to rushing into such a work as this without knowing the cost or where the road was to be constructed. No private individual or State Government would direct a road to be made regardless of the cost, or without a survey of the route. He was opposed to leaving the determination of this question to the President. The representatives of the people, before laying this heavy tax on them, should have some information as to the practicability of constructing the road.

Mr. Weller expressed surprise that the Senator from Pennsylvania should express such distrust of the incoming President, as to be unwilling to leave this question, so important to the interests of the whole country, to be decided by his judgment.

Mr. Brodhead said he had as great confidence in the next President as any one, but he was unwilling to devolve the duty on the President, which properly belonged to the immediate representatives of the people—of imposing taxation.

Mr. Hamlin was opposed to the amendment. He was in favor of the road, wherever it might be situated. It was absolutely necessary. He wanted the highway to be opened, that the commerce of the Eastern World might pass through and over this nation. He wanted the road to be free as soon as finished. This amendment would delay the road four years, without effecting any good end.

Mr. Bayard was opposed to the bill itself. It required the President to contract for the road without any limitation as to its cost. If the road could be constructed at any cost, no matter how great, it required the President to contract for it. A company with such an amount of capital and such unlimited means, would wield a power and influence four-fold that of the United States Bank. It was against the whole policy of the Democratic party to incorporate such companies. He thought it singular that at this late day in the last session of Congress, with one administration going out and another coming in, with a total change of administration, that this vast and important measure should be pressed. He thought it argued a conviction in the minds of the friends of the bill, that such a measure would never receive the approval of the next President. He did not believe, judging from the antecedents of Franklin Pierce, that he would ever sanction such a measure as this.

Mr. Bright said he was opposed to this bill, and he never could and never would vote for it. He was in favor of a road to the Pacific, with proper starting points; and within the provisions of the Constitution. It made the President of the United States the President of this road company; and, judging from the present circumstances, the new President would have enough to do without having this additional duty imposed on him. He was ready to vote for any quantity of land to construct this road; but would not vote either money or land to locate a road within any of the States of the Union. Congress had no such power. He would never vote either land or money for a road till the route had been surveyed and ascertained. Who knew the cost of this road? How could it be ascertained? It would cost hundreds of millions of dollars, and before engaging in such a work, Congress ought to be informed of all the details of the route and cost. He was in favor of granting such aid to a proper road, so far as the same might be within the Constitutional limit.

Mr. Rusk said it was easy to talk of violating the Constitution and unlimited cost, but not so easy to prove this bill obnoxious to either charge. The bill particularly limited the President to an appropriation of the land and the twenty millions of dollars, and beyond that he could not go. The bill also expressly provided, that before constructing this road through any of the States of this Union, the assent of such States should first be obtained. Gentlemen talked loudly of the Constitution. The Constitution required this Government to protect California—to protect the defenceless men, women and children on the frontiers, from the savage brutality of the Indians.

On the 3rd, Mr. Underwood, from the Committee on the Contingent Fund of the Senate, reported two resolutions on the subject of the claim of James Robertson, for immense damages for his arrest during the session of 1850, under an impression that he intended an assault upon Mr. Clay. The memorialist was paid $100 two years ago, and has since then been importuning Senators in a most pertinacious manner, orally and in writing. One resolution was that his prayer be rejected, which was agreed to.—The other resolution provided for giving him $150 in full satisfaction of all conceivable claims, and to enable him to return to his friends in New York. This was laid on the table—ayes 25, noes 21.

The Warehouse Bill was then discussed.

The bill to re-organize the Navy of the United States was taken up. Mr. Stockton moved sixty-six amendments to the bill, which, he said, had received the sanction of the two Committees of Congress on Naval Affairs, and of the Navy Department. Mr. Stockton said he intended, at the proper time, to submit a proposition to double the Navy. California, with her golden sands, her flower-clad valleys, and her sturdy forests, desired protection. She should have it, but there was no Navy to do it with. When the gentlemen considered the powerful effects on the world of the terrific pronunciamentos which daily emanated from this arsenal of words, they must greatly underrate the effect of their own speeches, or they would see the necessity of augmenting the Navy. The time would come, when, unless there be an efficient Navy, the commerce of the nation would be swept from the seas.

The amendments, with one exception, were adopted in the lump, and the bill ordered to be engrossed, and printed as amended.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up. The question pending was on Mr. Brodhead's substitute.

Mr. Weller replied to Mr. Bayard and Mr Bright, who spoke yesterday, denying that there was anything in the bill creating a monster corporation, surpassing in its overshadowing influences the U. S. Bank.

Mr. Bayard replied, by reading the thirteenth section of the bill, which provides that the persons to whom the contract shall be given, shall be incorporated with all the powers necessary to carry into effect the construction of the work.

Mr. Cooper was in favor of the amendment. He thought the bill clearly established a corporation, which, with its immense capital, would control the future action of Congress, and eventually saddle the Government with the whole cost of the road.

Mr. Weller said when he spoke of the bill, he did not know of the contents of the thirteenth section.—He now believed the bill did create a monster corporation, and that, under the powers given to it by this bill, it would have the right to issue hundreds of millions of dollars of paper money. Unless the bill was modified in this particular, he could not vote for it. Adjourned.

On the 4th, the Warehousing Bill was again under consideration; and, after amendment, was passed.

On the 5th, Mr Davis introduced a resolution relative to the Fishery Question.

The House Bill granting land to Arkansas and Missouri, for a railroad from the mouth of the Ohio, via Little Rock, to the Texas boundary, near the town of Fulton, with branches to Fort Smith and the Mississippi River, was taken up and passed.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up.

Mr. Butler addressed the Senate for an hour and a half, in opposition to the bill, on the grounds of its unconstitutionality, and the inexpediency, without previous estimates and surveys, and urging that it was wrong, because it delegates to the President powers which should be exercised by Congress; impracticable, because of natural impediments; not wanted, because the routes by water are better for commerce; and lastly, because the whole cost will, eventually, fall on the Government.

Mr. Bell replied, and had not concluded at three o'clock, when the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 31st, Mr. Jenkins announced the death of A. H. Buell, of New York, which took place in this city early on Sunday morning, after an illness of two weeks. The usual resolutions were passed, Mr. Ives also spoke in relation to the deceased, and then adjourned.

On the 1st inst., Mr Giddings, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill, for the purpose of considering it on Monday next, providing for a survey and location of a wagon road from the Missouri river to the settlements of California and Oregon. Referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Dunham, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported the Senate bill with amendments, amendatory of the act fixing the value of U. States coins. He explained that the intention was to make gold the standard coin of the country, and render silver subordinate to it. No individual who has given attention to the subject can think otherwise than that the change should be made. We all know that the value of coin, like everything else, is in proportion to the labor with which it is produced; or, if gentlemen please, in proportion to the supply and demand. It is known that within the last few years it has required less labor to produce gold than silver. The consequence is, gold is comparatively cheaper in our own market and abroad, and when money is exported it is in silver, thus leaving our own country almost devoid of coins of that metal for the purposes of trade. There is no other way of retaining the silver than by changing the relative intrinsic value, and making them correspond. The Committee did not propose to recoin the silver already in circulation, but only to affect new coinage of half dollars, quarters, dimes and half dimes, to be received by Government in payments of small amounts. The first to weigh 192 grains, and the others in proportion. He said the bill also proposes a seignorage on the coinage of gold to the actual expense of the coinage; in other words, not exceeding one-half of one per cent.

After debate, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the next fiscal year.

Mr Gorman offered an amendment, that from and after the 1st of July next, so much of the act of Congress of 1842, as places the national armories under the superintendence of the officers of the Ordnance corps, be repealed, and that said armories be placed under the civil superintendence, as prior to the passage of said act.

A long and spirited debate here took place upon the oppressions to which the army officers subjected the workmen—the principal seeming to be, a refusal to let them chew tobacco in the armories, or to spit, and enforcing punctuality by stringent regulations.

Mr. Ingersoll said a large portion of the people of Connecticut whom he represented were deeply interested in this subject. He should do injustice to the industrious mechanics of his district were he to pass silently by the oppressive tyranny of the Springfield Armory—tyranny that ought not to be tolerated in the State prison of that State. There were complaints of that tyranny, and he was sure that when the House had listened to the depositions he had recently received, they would as one man rise to put it down. To show what tyranny was exercised, he read from these papers that one of those men, for going to the wash room two or three minutes before the bell rang, was severely reprimanded. If a workman, morning or noon, is not in when the bell rings, he must lose a quarter of a day, and for the second offence is liable to be discharged; that the superintendent forbade a workman from keeping a Bible in his drawer, and refused to let the mechanics have spit boxes, although they proposed to supply them at their own expense, and other instances of tyranny were mentioned.

Mr Stanley considered that all this talk was for "Buncombe." Every man to his trade. He thought it was probable there were abuses in those armories. If so, let complaint be made at the proper quarter, that the evil might be remedied by the substitution of another superintendent. The depositions of the gentlemen were ex parte, the officers having no knowledge that the things stated were to be sworn to.

Mr Ingersoll remarked that the gentleman represented Buncombe. [Laughter.]

Mr. Stanley said he recollected very well the man who gave the name to Buncombe. The old fellow was a gallant descendant of a Whig of the revolution, and had a motto over the gateway—"Welcome all to Buncombe Hall." [Laughter.] But the gentleman from Connecticut complained that the superintendent would not let these men chew tobacco in the work shops. For this regulation of cleanliness and decency, the superintendent deserves thanks, for chewing is a vile, anti-Christian, barbarous habit, introduced into civil life for purposes of degradation. [Laughter.] Don't members abstain from smoking here? According to the gentleman from Connecticut, a man ought to chew in church. Some of the railroad companies have a smoking car. These kind of folks who smoke ought all to be put by themselves. They are always an annoyance to the ladies, and this is the strongest argument for my young friend from Connecticut.—[Laughter.] All the tobacco smokers should be put into one car with those fellows who can chew a pound a day.

Mr. Wilcox said he loved the people as well as any man here. He was essentially a people's man, and believed in progress but really it seemed to him that there had been a spirit exerted within the last twelve months, which, if not checked by the conservative spirit of the country, will end God knows where.—The whole attack against the army establishment is conceived in the fullest spirit of demagoguism emanating with the beer-house politicians in Springfield and Harper's Ferry. When he went to Mexico he was full of the demagogic spirit. Yet it was human nature. All is corruption, from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet. [Laughter.] He found himself speaking against the regular officers, saying, among other things, "these fellows! how straight they walk and strut!" His soldiers did it likewise. But, after a while, when they were brought under the discipline of the army, all these feelings of prejudice vanished. He opposed the pending amendment.

On the 2nd, the Speaker appointed Messrs. Jones, of Tenn., Stephens, of Ga., Chandler, Davis, of Ind., and Dean, as the Committee to count, on Wednesday next, in conjunction with the Senate Committee, the Electoral Votes for President and Vice President, and to inform the successful candidates of their election.

Mr. Richardson, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska. Referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

The House resumed the consideration of the Senate Bill, amendatory of existing laws relative to the half-dollar, the quarter-dollar, the dime and the half-dime.

Mr. Dunham resumed his remarks from yesterday, in explanation of the bill. He said that, during the past year, over half a million of three-cent pieces have been coined, and he would call the attention of gentlemen who object to a depreciation of the coins, by alloy, that those three-cent pieces are depreciated twenty per cent. in value. Therefore the Mint receiving the silver at the market price, and coining it into three-cent pieces, made last year, *seventy or eighty thousand dollars* by this single transaction. There is also a profit arising from copper coin, and from other sources. If we do not make a change in the three cent coin, we will soon find the whole currency of the country in a depreciated condition. If, however, the House pass this bill, which proposes to change the other denominations of silver coin, there will be less necessity for the coinage of three-cent pieces; and, therefore, less profit from coinage. It was proposed by the bill to impose a seignorage, not only at the Mint, but at the Branches. The coinage at Philadelphia cost less than one-half of one per cent., while at the Branches in New Orleans and North Carolina, the cost is four per cent. A large expense is thus incurred, when neither of these Mints can coin as much in one year as the Philadelphia Mint can in two days. Gentlemen had suggested that the Committee on Ways and Means propose to reduce the value of silver coin. Now, the depreciation of three-cent pieces, is 20 per cent; and that of the worn and clipped Spanish coins, averages 12 per cent., while the Committee propose the American coin shall be depreciated but six or seven per cent. The demand for silver coin in the country, is so great, that notwithstanding the vast depreciation in the old Spanish coins, they maintain themselves in circulation without any legislation whatsoever.—This being the case, he [illegible] which is best, to leave things as they are, to tolerate this depreciated, foreign, worn-out coin, and flood the country with depreciated three-cent pieces, or have a silver coin of the same relative value as gold.

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., regarded the character of the bill as the veriest charlatanism. The idea of Congress fixing the value of this or that piece of silver or gold, is absurd. The Constitution gives the power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures, and when the Constitution was formed, every Colony had the power to coin its own money. Hence the power was conferred on the General Government, to coin money for the express purpose of making the coinage uniform. But now, it is proposed to violate the object intended by the framers of the Constitution, by having two descriptions of gold coin, and three of silver. All that Congress can authorize, is the regulation of the value of the metal, and the stamping upon it the number of grains to represent a certain amount of gold or silver. This he repeated, is all that can be done to make coin uniform among the several States. If they can make $187 out of $100, cannot they fix fictitious values to any extent. If they can, by a single stroke of legislation, produce such a result, the "philosopher's stone" will have been found, at least for practical purposes. He then proceeded to show the inconveniences and evils which must result from having two descriptions of specie currency—the one worth less than the other. It was worse than shinplaster legislation. Instead of this, he contended that the currency should be uniform.

The Senate Bill granting the right of way and a donation of public land to Wisconsin, for the purpose of locating and constructing certain railroads in that State, was taken up.

Mr. Doty offered a substitute for the fifth section, proposing that one of the roads shall extend from Chicago to Lake Superior, and the other crossing through Washington county to Milwaukie. And at the instance of Mr. Bennett, he offered as further amendment, that gentleman's land bill, proposing to distribute lands among all the States, for internal improvement and educational purposes.

On the 3rd, the House then resumed the consideration of the Senate Bill amending existing laws relative to the half-dollar, quarter-dollar, dime and half-dime. After a discussion of this and some other subjects, adjourned.

On the 4th, the Wisconsin Railroad Bill finally went to the Speaker's table in the fifth class.

On the 5th, the House passed three private bills, and then proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution providing for printing and binding the returns of the seventh census.

It appeared that two Philadelphia firms had offered to do the work from $400 to $1,200 less than the public printer. An amendment to give one of them the work was voted down, and the resolution was passed, yeas 117, nays 34.

General News.

News Items.—At a recent slave sale, in Charleston, S. C., fifteen brought an aggregate of $10,365, or an average of $691 each. Three young men, aged about 17, brought $1,065, $1,025 and $1,010. A gang of 190 were also sold in families. Two or three families averaged from 1,000 to $1,100 for each individual; and the entire sale averaged $550. G. G. Whitney sold two likely female house servants, one at 1,000, the other at $1,000.

Mr. Ar-Showe, the Chinese tea-dealer, who has become a resident among us, has taken to himself a wife from among our people in the fair form of Miss Louisia M. Heuse, of South Boston. The Rev. Mr. Clinch clinched the contract, in the presence of a large crowd, at the Episcopal Church, South Boston, on Sunday last.—*Boston Carpet Bag.*

Mr. P. J. Teernon, a book keeper in a store in Cincinnati, has just received intelligence that an estate and a title has been bequeathed to him in Ireland, in the will of a relative, valued at $50,000. He will, when he is put in possession of his rights, be known as Lord McGilligan.

A decision has just been given in the Supreme Court of New York, in a case where the Cayuga Lodge of Odd Fellows was plaintiff, which fully recognizes the institution of Odd Fellowship as a legal institution, possessing all the attributes and powers necessary to carry out the avowed purposes of its existence. The decision, we suppose, is as important to the Masonic, Temperance, and other charitable societies which are not incorporated, as it is to the Odd Fellows.

We learn from the New Orleans Picayune, that the will of Mr. R. Hairston, of Henry County, Mississippi, by which his whole estate, amounting to half a million of dollars, is given to a little negro, was admitted to record at the last term of the County Court.

A young man in Boston has brought suit against the proprietor of a gambling-house in that city to recover $2,500 which he lost, at various times, in play at his establishment.

Diamonds, it seems, have at last been found in California, and valuable ones, if we are to judge from the accounts of the San Francisco papers. And a very fine one, recently was found in Australia.

Profitable Insuring.—The New York Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company have made a dividend of forty per cent. on the nett earned premiums of the year. They also pay an interest of six per cent. on the outstanding certificates of previous earning—thus dividing more than a million of dollars among their dealers.

By the first of February, the through trains are to commence running from Terre Haute, Lafayette and Indianapolis, to Cincinnati. Passengers can breakfast in Terre Haute or Lafayette, and take tea in Cincinnati, two hundred and sixty miles distant. A few years since it would have required a week to perform the same journey.

The bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, between Cumberland and Wheeling, number *one hundred and fourteen*. One of them is 600 feet long, and is elevated 40 feet above the Monongahela River, which it spans.

Preservation of Trout.—The supervisors of Queen's County, New York, have adopted a resolution, prohibiting the catching or killing of speckled or brook trout in any manner but with a hook and line from September to February 15th.

"The State of Washington" is the title which the St. Louis Democrat proposes to give to a great Western State, to include all the territory lying between the southern rim of the Kansas Basin on the South, the Platte River on the North, the prairie States on the East, and the Rocky Mountains on the West.

Hungary is reduced to a shocking condition by predatory bands of outlaws, composed of the soldiers in the late civil war. The Austrians think that the object of these men is to get together money for a new insurrection.

Lord John Russell, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the new British Cabinet, has just given notice to the diplomatic corps that he holds that position only temporarily, and will resign the office soon to the Earl of Clarendon.

Miss Bremer's New Work on the United States, and her Opinion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—Mrs. C. S. Hall, the editor of "Sharpe's London Magazine," says:

We have received a very interesting letter from Miss Bremer, whose *Homes of the New World* will contain some striking and startling facts and powerful reasonings on the slave question; we feel that we commit no breach of confidence in printing a few passages from her letter. Writing of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, she says: "I cannot tell how I have enjoyed it, enjoyed the fairness, the living truths in the pictures given of the children of Africa as they are; enjoyed the right and fair point of view taken of the slavery institution in general, and of slavery in the United States in particular; enjoyed also to see how very alike my observations, my views, are with those of Mrs. Stowe in many ways; but I am truly sorry for her standing point as to emancipation; it is clear that what she wants (with all ultra-abolitionists) is, *first* emancipation, and *then* education. That is a thing the South never will do; and it has a right to refuse to do it; such a step would be sure ruin to the white people, as well as to the black population of the South; and should such a step be determined upon by the Northern States, the affair would result in the dissolving of the Union, the Southern States would join and make a separate republic with Cuba—a canal to bring new supplies of slavery from Africa—and there would be an end of freedom in the New World for centuries yet to come, and no termination to the misery of the slaves—then more than ever left to the irresponsible power of their owners. God avert it! That would be too dreadful. And though I shall tell of scenes and things even more dreadful, more horrible and appalling than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and these all of dire present realities, many witnessed by myself, still the ground that I will take to effect a remedy will be very different from hers, and, to my mind, the only practical one, and that seems to me so natural, so easy, so safe in every way, that I cannot but wonder it has not been thought of before; you will see in the latter part of my first volume a foreshadowing of the thing. * * * * * *

I have not said enough in praise of Mrs. Stowe's book; she was good enough to send it to me some months ago, but I have not read it until lately. What a power and pathos in description, and what fine, fresh delineations of character, the fascinating St. Clair, the horrid, but perfectly true to life, Marie, Miss Ophelia, &c., but, above all, Uncle Tom and Legree; these two are conceptions of the highest order, and carried out to perfection."

The Schaumburg and Fuller Difficulty.—Captain James W. Schaumburg, well known in this city, has shot Edward W. Fuller, a clerk in the Census Office at Washington City. The chances of recovery of the latter are small, and Schaumburg is now in custody. The causes out of which the difficulty has arisen, are of old standing, though the immediate cause is a recent posting, by Fuller, of Schaumburg, as a coward, liar, with other opprobrious epithets. The provocation appears to have been great, and the publication of Fuller, a copy of which we have seen, was most severe and insulting, however merited. Still, insulting publications do not justify shooting a man down in the street, as the law provides other means of redress for publishing libels, and slanders uttered against character.

Suicide of Slaves by Drowning.—A negro woman, with a child in each arm, jumped from one of the steamboats at the upper wharf, last week, and all three were drowned. The woman's husband endeavored to end his existence in the same way, but was prevented from accomplishing his purpose by the interference of bystanders. The woman and children had been sold by a citizen of this county to a man going South, and she preferred death to a removal from her old home.—*Nashville (Ten.) Gazette.*

A Cargo of Ladies for California.—The French ship Sonsonnatte arrived at Valparaiso recently with a cargo of two hundred ladies for California. The young ladies quite enlivened the streets of that city for a few days, and one or two soft-hearted *estranjeros* tried hard to induce some of them to remain, but it was no go. The ladies said that, having come so far, they were determined to see the elephant.

Improved Mode of Making Brick.—A new machine for the manufacture of bricks by the application of Dick's powerful press, is being constructed under the direction of J. E. Holmes, at Hadley Falls, for a gentleman of Taunton, Massachusetts. By this machine above 50,000 bricks can be made per day, with a pressure of 1,400 tons, exerted on every six bricks.—*Scientific American.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

The Kaine Extradition Case.—The Supreme Court has decided that Kaine is in confinement under the treaty and act of Congress without any lawful authority; first, because the Judiciary possesses no jurisdiction without a previous requisition upon the President from the Government of Great Britain; secondly, that the United States Commissioner has not the power to hear and determine the case; and, thirdly, that there was no competent testimony to warrant the offence. A requisition or demand upon this Government must be made upon the President of the United States, as the sole organ of the nation and of its external relations, and no subordinate magistrate is authorised to act until the warrant of the President is first obtained. Kaine, it will be remembered, is charged with attempting to kill one Balfe, an officer. A great deal of interest has been manifested in the case by his countrymen in New York, who allege the offence is a political one, and, therefore, excepted under the treaty. The case will now probably come up in a legal form.

Massachusetts.—Edward Everett has been elected U. S. Senator, from the fourth of March next. In the House the vote stood:—Edward Everett, 146; Caleb Cushing, 75; Stephen C. Phillips, 51; scattering, 17. In the Senate, Mr. Everett had 28 out of the 35 votes.

The Florida Indians.—The Governor of Florida and the Legislature have got into a snarl about the removal of the Indians from Florida. The Governor has vetoed the act declaring that if after its passage, any Indian shall be found within the limits of the State, he shall be captured and sent West of the Mississippi. He seems to be decidedly of the opinion that the jurisdiction of Florida does not extend West of the Mississippi, and that the sovereign authority there might be as tenacious of their rights as Florida. The law is unconstitutional, contains a declaration of war, and would incur a debt which would be a greater blight upon the State's property than the Indians ever have been. The Legislature fire back and accuse the Governor of all sorts of inconsistencies, so that hostilities in Florida, at the present time, promise to be more of a civil than a savage war.

The President Elect.—A letter from Concord states that Gen. Pierce will leave for Washington on next Monday, positively. Now, ye hungry hordes of office-beggars, have mercy!

The Vice President.—Mr. King is at Key West, at the residence of W. H. Wall, Esq. A letter dated Jan. 25th, says:—"Mr. King, to-day, is better far than when he left Norfolk; is not so feeble, and his cough is easier, and he is better and stronger every way. His physician expresses strong hopes that he will recover. Everything has been done by his friends to make him comfortable, and the weather is all that could be asked for, and we are also assured by those who are well-informed as to his state, that the genial, pure and bracing sea breezes of Key West will eventually restore him to health."

Another "Jerry" Case.—William L. Salmon, tried under the Fugitive Slave Law, for aiding in the rescue of "Jerry," was acquitted last evening.—*Albany Journal.*

Pennsylvania and the Maine Law.—The Harrisburg Union says:—It is understood that the Committee on Vice and Immorality in the House of Representatives are busily engaged in preparing a prohibitory liquor law; and that it is not unlikely, if no obstructions be raised by parties interested, that some such law will pass.

In the Senate, Mr. Kunkel recently presented a memorial from the colored free men of Philadelphia, for a law to enable them to pass unmolested, on their lawful business, through slave States.

Irving and Washington.—Washington Irving, while at Mount Vernon the other day, remarked that he remembered seeing General Washington in New York, when he was a child five years of age, and while the General was passing through the street, accompanied by a crowd, young Irving was attended by his nurse, an honest Scotch woman. The woman forced her way up to the General, leading her child by the hand, and approaching, addressed him—"Your honor, here is a bairn that is called after you." The General paused, and placing his hand upon the boy's head, gave him his blessing. Mr. Irving states that he has a distinct recollection of the whole scene—which occurred in the year 1787.

Amalgamation.—The Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard says:—One of the colored Professors in the McGrawville College was roughly treated, on Saturday last, in the neighborhood of Fulton. As the story goes, the Professor was about to be married to a young white lady, formerly a pupil in the College, residing near Fulton. Some persons being informed of the intended nuptials, resolved not only to put a stop to the affair, but to castigate the offending lover. They proceeded to the dwelling of the girl's father, and broke into the house, but the object of their vengeance had escaped.

Editorial Life in Spain.—In Spain an editor who is too independent is sent to prison. The following paragraph, from a Spanish journal, of Dec. 30th, shows the submissiveness of journalists:

"The responsible editor of our journal, Don Manuel de Ostolanza, was yesterday conducted to the prison of the Saladero. We have now presented a new editor—the fifth—for the approbation of the civil government, and hope, in consequence, to recover our political character very soon."

NEW YORK MARKETS, FEB. 5.

Ashes—A moderate demand, with sales of Pots at $4,62½, and $5,75 for Pearls.

Cotton—The market is a shade firmer, with sales of 900 bales.

Flour, &c.—For Flour there is not much inquiry, and the market for common descriptions is heavy.—Sales of 3,100 bbls at $5 44 for State, and $5,62½a5,75 for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana, and common to good Ohio. Canadian Flour is held at $5,50a5,56¼, without sales of moment. Southern Flour is quiet: sales of 900 bbls at $5,75a5,87½ for common, and $6,25a7,50 for fancy. Rye Flour is dull at $4,50 for fine, and $4,68¾a4,75 for superfine. Corn Meal is selling in small parcels at $3,50 for Jersey.

Grain—The Wheat market is quiet, and prices are without material change. We can only hear of sales of 8,900 bushels inferior white Ohio at about $1,27. Rye is nominally the same. Small sales of Barley are making at about previous quotations. The Corn market is dull and lower. Some 9,000 bushels new sold mostly in small parcels at 63a65c for inferior, and 66a70c for common to prime white and yellow Southern. Oats are dull at 49a50c for State and Western, and 45a46c for Jersey.

Provisions—The Pork market is unsettled and lower. Sales of 300 bbls at $17,25a17,50 for Mess, and $16 for Prime. A fair demand for Beef, with sales of 250 bbls at $9,50a11,25 for country Mess, $13,25a13,50 for repacked Chicago; $14,25a14,50 for extra do, and $5,50a7,50 for country and city Prime. Prime Mess Beef is held at $19a22. Sales of 80 bbls Beef and Hams at $13,25. Lard heavy; sales of 240 bbls at 10¾a10½c. Butter is dull at 14a17c for Ohio, and 18a21c for Western dairies. Cheese is quiet at 8a8½c.

Whiskey—A quiet market. Sales of 400 bbls at 24½ for Jersey, and 24½ for Prison.

Sudden Changes.—There is nothing more trying to the human constitution than sudden changes of weather. Heat rarifies the blood, and increases the perspiration; but when suddenly checked, those humors which should pass off by the skin, are thrown off inwardly, causing coughs, colds, consumption, difficulty of breathing, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, and many other complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a delightful medicine for carrying off a cold—because they expel from the body those humors which are the cause of the above complaints. Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken every night on going to bed will, in a few days, carry off the most obstinate cold; at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Bank Note List.

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[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

"What does time see, your wonder on the tower?
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and search aloud thy lore,
If the bright morning shows upon the land."

"The rays are close above me—they are gone—
Like diamond drops, or sunbeams in the sea—
Now I see, on the battlements, a golden ray,
Some fine, fair crowned, as if the light would range."

"Look forth again, oh, thou watcher on the tower!
Do people stretch and languish for the hour?
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full delights that they know must shine."

"I see not tent—the moor is cloudy still!
There is a radiance on the distant hill;
Even as I speak, the glory seems to grow,
But the cloud lifts, and vanishes to the sun."

"And is that all, oh, watcher on the tower!
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.
Dost thou not see the stormy mountain cope,
And the green woods beneath them, on the slope?"

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline, but the sky comes down in space;
The clouds roll by in gold and amber'd hue,
And all the more grow dim.—The morning breaks."

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
Thy task again, and tell us home be near
All thou beholdest; many or so do
For the day comes; oh, give thou a reply."

"I see the hill-tops now; and chimney-pots
Crown his prophetic creed on mine eye.
Here the dim outline of a dome, and there
A tall cross gleaming in the light of morn."

"Again—again, oh, Watcher on the tower!
Is there the day-light, and we look for it here?
Patient, but hungry. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daybreak for the land?"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song
Tired as day itself; and close and strong
As the best hearts that ever throbbed and beat.
Pouring in sunlight its complete tone."

"Again—look on, oh, watcher of the tower!
Is day in progress? Doth the dawn appear?
Is hope no more? Is this chant redeem-
With the full glories of the sun-rise not, or
If the broad daylight breaks upon the place?"

"It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—
A very radiance glows upon the land.
The mountain-tops reflect it unto mid river;
The prize is yet to-day, and day is near."

Pictures of Life.

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

FROM "PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE."

If gilt were only gold, or sugar-candy coin-
mon sense, what a fine thing this world would be! If to betoken money upon *objets de vertu*, to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them out in the height of the fashion; to have houses filled from floor to roof with rare paintings; to furnish them with all the luxuries devices of Parisian genius; to give ex-
pert banquets, at which your guests shall eat that which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and pair; European liveries; and countless coats-of-arms; to resent the friendly allusions of your baker's wife, and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a butcher's daughter); to talk much of the "old families," and of your aristocratic cousin the count; to sputter "after labor; to prate of "good society;" to travestry and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only by its shadow, by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization unknown to us, and in which it opposed to our fundamental and essential principles: if all this were the way, what a prodigiously fine world it would be!

The concerned to us upon lately receiving a card of invitation to a brilliant ball. We were quietly remaining over our evening fire, with D'Israeli's Vivillegiana speech, "all steam," in our hand, with the account of a great man's burial, and a little man's triumph across him channel. So many great men gone, we mused, and such great cries impending! This Sontag, that Lablache present in Europe; Kossuth and Mazzini waiting for the moment to give the word for a European republic; Guizot and Thiers and the Napoleonic empire rediviva; Cuba, annexationists, and slavery; California and Australia, and the consequent circulation of precious metal; economy; done me" exclaimed we, pausing on a fresh bundle of coal, we must look a little into the state of parties.

As we put down the coal-scuttle there was a knock at the door. We said, "come in," and in came a neat Albanian watered envelope, with the announcement that the name of the fashion was "at home" that evening were. Later in the evening came a friend to smoke a cigar. The card was rung upon the table, and he read it with eagerness. "You'll go, of course," said he, "for you will meet all the best society."

Shall we, truly? shall we really see the "best society of the city," the purified flower of aristocracy, character, and beauty? What makes the "best society?" Is it the best society of the richest specimens of each, of course. The men who would the time, who cherish our talk in literature and virtue, who make Plato, and Emerson, and Shakespeare, and all Shakespeare's positive, possible again. The women, who honor, love, and sweetness, and dignity, and high accomplishment and grace, make us understand the Greek Mythology, and weaken our desire to have some glimpse of the most famous women of the world? Is it best society" to be with the virtues are most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long-suffering, modest, and innocent, "to best society" to, in the very name, that in which there is the least hypocrisy and humanity of all kinds, which repulls from, and hence, solubility, which is anxious to be all the human nature can be, and which merely reproduces all shades of character, all consciously and foggery, and inside upon simplicity, as the infallible characteristic of true worth. That is the "best society," which contains the best men and women.

Had we recently arrived from the moon, we might, upon hearing that we were to meet the "best society" have looked for that, and come about to enjoy an opportunity not to be sneered value. But unfortunately we were not so fresh by arrival. We had lived in London, and had had perfected our holistic many times, to meet the same society, so magnificently named, and had found it the least "best" of all. Why, then, should we expect it? Whom shall we meet if we go to this ball? We shall meet three dozen of people. Ist, those who are rich, and who have all that money can buy. 2nd, those who belong to what are technically called "the good old families," because some ancestor was a man of note in the county, or army, or of the rich, and has kept the fortune in the family. and 3rdly, a number of people who are invited for that purpose. Now these are all arbitrary and factitious distinctions upon which to found so profound a real difference as that which exists in America, or at least, in New York society. 1st, as a general rule, the rich men of every community who make their own money are not the most generally intelligent and cultivated. They have altered talent which secures a fortune, and which brings them directly in the way of becoming from their youngest years until they are old. They are steady men, of single tastes often, domestically, though rarely very genial, but addressedly with an altogether false and exaggerated idea of the importance of money. They are a rather rough, unsympathetic, and, perhaps, selish class, who, themselves, despise people and fine lives, and still protect a cut-and and a loss reason, although they may be worth millions. But they are content to be ordinary, or ambitious or disappointed women, whose life is a prolonged puppetry, and they are dragged hither and thither by the force of their gilded blood, and forced into a position they do not care for and which they despise. Then there are the inheritors of wealth. How many of them inherit the values genius and hard frugality which built up their fortunes; how many acknowledge the stern and heavy responsibility of their opportunities; how many refuse to devote their lives away in a dyhistic luxury; how many are smitten with the lofty ambition of achieving an enduring name by works of a permanent value; how many do not dwindle into dainty dilettanti, and dimin their manhood with

factitious sentimentality instead of a hearty, honest manliness? How many are not infidels with having the fastest horses and the "crack-est" carriages, and an unlimited wardrobe, and a rich establishment, and the "best society" of foreign lite?

And who are these of our Jolly, three or old families?" The spirit of our time and of our country knows no such thing, but the habitue of society," [more commonly "a fogy" in family." It means, simply, the collective mass of children, more astounding in selfishness, stupidity, and dressing. We have certainly never seen gentlemen dance so vastly, gracefully and that the spectacle of a young woman whirling in a *double-shuffle*, and in the embrace of a waltzer, was beyond a hearty sneer, followed a little sobriety upon her lover's face, if not a sadness in his heart. Amusement, recreation, enjoyment, is one thing, and to be most beautiful things. But this pretending folks under another head. It smashed the vagueness of our vague and vaguing hilles. They were rich and tasteful. But a man at our elbow, of experience and observation, whispered to us, "Wait a little, and it is called him to attempt," "I observe that American society is very young." Yes, we said, and we are not at all chary of them. It is certainly gracious to an miserable black coats. But, do you mean, if these are not the best people in the world, they are the best we have? Certainly, was the reply. "Then we must consolately leave the dome poetry in this country." We thought ourselves ill-used, but this was intolerable; and in a very cozy manner we demanded an apology.

"Why, sir," responded our friend, with more of sadness than of satire in his tone, "why are you so exasperated? Look at this scene! Consider the people! Look at the dress! Consider the! This is what they "come out" for. This is the "best society" of the city. Look at the faces, and their ambition. They think of it, and of it, long for it. Is it amusement? Yes, to a few, possibly. But fusion, and gather, if you can, from these assembly rooms, that they are happy, and that they have any thought beyond this, and you are more sagacious than we. Do you not see, our poor friend, that you are only pointing your own unimportance? If your father was Governor of the State, what right have you to say that that only is below your self-esteem? Take care, good sir; for whether you say it by your tips or by your life, that withering response awaits you.—then what are you?" If your grandfather was great, you are only responsible for greatness. If you are small, make haste to learn that. Children, thank Heaven that your name has been made illustrious, and that you have a career and keep it, at least, entertained.

The delights in a ring—safer by sentry French tailors, bootmakers, dancing-masters, and Mr. Byrne. They are a necessary part of the world of private entertainments. They are fostered by society for the use of young debutantes, and hardier characters. We have danced for many years of the "light" polka. They are rash, rapid for their brevity, but they are lively. They kill begins at ten o'clock in the evening, and last until four in the morning. They go home and sleep until after the first meal, dress in the evening costume and offices, and dine on desks until dinner-time. Oh, muddle in fact that, to be actively at work all day, and their cheeks grow pale, and their lips thin, and their eyes shaded and hollow, and they drag themselves home at evening to catch a nap until the ball begins, or to dine and smoke a their chin, and to be very manly with punches and coarse stories, and then to rush into hot and glittering rooms, and have an *excellent* gaffe to dance around, waltz, and dash with them around an area of crowded floor, saying to the ladies, as they panted, "How very hot it is!" "How very pretty Mrs Podge looks!" "What a good redowa!" or "Are you going to Mrs. Fidgets?"

In this the assembled flower of manhood and womanhood, called "best society," and to see which is so excited a privilege! If such are the elements, can we be long arriving at the greatest state, and become supremely conscious of parties?

We have read of a hyperray so thorough, that it was surprised you should think it hyperritical: and we have bitterly thought of the crying, when hearing that we were not in the world's child, that she had "made a good speech," because the girl was betrothed to a rogued boy whose father was rich. The remark on the key of our social being.

We went to the brilliant ball. There was too much everything. Too much light, and cap, ing, and drinking, and dancing, and dining, and dressing, and undressing, and too much too much people. Good taste insists flee upon fitness. But why had Mrs. Potipher given this ball? Was it to please anybody? and learned it was because she did not give one last winter. In this connection we were forcibly and vitally I inquired we with some trepidation—

"Certainly," was the bland reply, "or society would forget you. Everybody was obliged to" Mrs. Potipher's sure a few girls and boys, who danced vivaciously for their youth, and a number of not dance, waltzed up and down the room as well as they could, square-ing by non-dancing ladies, coming them to swear in their ears, and the lobsagne breakfasted carried away the light ear-rotten of gentlemen who had been all night at midnight or a little after, and sustaining indefinitely toward daybreak. The young people were attended by their parents, who appear there to supervise the morals and manners of their children, during the late hours of which is worth while to cover the walls with mirrors and to have a well conceived, fine polish a wooden bench to a greasy velvet cushion, and a sanded floor to a soiled and threadbare carpet.

The supper-room was a pleasant place. The table was covered with a chaos of supper.—Ices and jellies, and fruits and wines, and cakes and liquid was there. It was the very carnival of gluttony. All gluttony is the same universal rush and struggle. The charge of the guards at Waterloo was nothing to it. Jellies, custard, cream, ice-cream, and champagne gushed in profuse cascades over transparent pyramids of confectionery. Pyramids of fruit and Canary bore tumbled against costly dresses and smeared them with preserves,—when clear and bright, the crushing of the champagne bottles was quietly "chucked" under the table—beef and ham were rapidly cut into slices by the attendants or overflowed upon plates to clear the glasses—one of all kinds flowed in torrents, and the whole was a scene of such wild waste and confusion, that we involuntarily exclaimed, "Why, this is a perfect picture; but ha! how long it must have taken Mr. Daguerreotype to paint this!"

By the Patroness Hercules' so Roman sylph in her fairy's dwelling would never have called the attention of Mr. Apollo. Even the last Heart melted entirely away in the window, but we certainly did not see her.

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Yonder, in her purple prime of loveliness, when the fancies law was passed, making all goodlooking people liable to be married by force of circumstances upon them, was not more luxurious than Mrs. Potipher. Her dress was a study of perficial splendor, derived from a profusion of gilt and paint, wood and damask. Yet, in not all this, she was the handsomest of human beings, and the most graceful. Yet, in not all this, she was the handsomest of human beings, and the most graceful. Yet, in not all this, she was the handsomest of human beings, and the most graceful